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By TOM WEEPER

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ator-elect James L. Buckley, visited at his headquarters by Governor Rockefeller,
o glided in on Buckley's coat-tails. At left, Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz, who
n handily against Dem-Liberal Adam Walinsky.

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☐ **Depression.** Will the next depression be deeper and longer than the last one? What will happen to personal credit? What this means to

How To Achieve Your Financial Goals — in Spite of Devaluation... And Because of It!

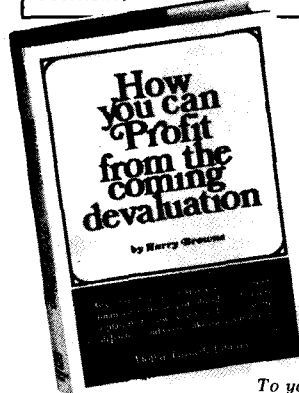
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3. **Silver coins.** Numismatic value. Spending money. How much to keep in silver coins. Melting. Where to store. Where to buy.

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THE INVESTMENT PROGRAM — BASED UPON AMOUNT OF ASSETS

Item	Amount of Money to be Used					
	\$5,000	\$10,000	\$20,000	\$50,000	\$100,000	\$1,000,000
Cash in dollars						
Swiss francs						
Silver coins						
Silver bullion						
Gold stocks						
Retreat						
Other investments						

How much money would you allot to each investment? Write in your figures, then check with Harry Browne's advice on page 169 of *HOW YOU CAN PROFIT FROM THE COMING DEVALUATION*.

sets and actually multiply them in the darkest hours.

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Because an investor (or anyone with just a savings or a checking account) cannot survive a devaluation without a solid understanding of the nature of our money system and just what happens to it in devaluation, Harry Browne spells it out in clear, everyday language free of technical jargon. He calls on his vast knowledge of economics, history, crowd psychology, and the way a welfare state misbehaves in a time of crisis, to show you that we may expect several economic cataclysms before the devaluation that is bound to come.

you. The collapse of the welfare state. Little-known protective measures.

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Investment	Inflation	Recession	Depression	Runaway Inflation	Devaluation
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Bonds
Cash, savings accounts
Commodities
Diamonds, etc.
Gold bullion
Gold coins
Gold stocks
Life insurance
Mortgages
Real estate, income
Real estate, land
Real estate, residential
Retirement plans
Short selling
Silver bullion
Silver coins
Silver stocks
Stocks, mutual funds
Swiss francs

What do you think of the chances for each investment during the 5 economic crises? Write in your answers, then check page 146 of *How You Can Profit from the Coming Devaluation*. Browne evaluates each one, grades it from "Very good" to "Worthless" and tells exactly why.

FOR THE RECORD

■ Some campaign figures: According to *Washington Post*, five Republican national committees have collected more than \$11 million for '70 campaign, and this doesn't include sums raised by in-state and local candidates individually. . . . Democratic National Committee has done much less well, but liberal Democrats have fared not too badly by **George McGovern's** "Campaign 70" organization which raised and dispensed over \$700,000, and with National Committee for an Effective Congress, which raised over \$600,000 for liberal candidates. NCEC, incidentally, classifies as "reactionaries" liberal Democratic Senators **Henry Jackson** (Wash.), **Gale McGee** (Wyo.) and **Thomas Dodd** (Conn.)—because they are hawks. . . . Various unions also have kicked in over half a million bucks for liberal senators and candidates, with **Mansfield**, Jackson and **Byrd** (W.Va.) getting the least—under \$5,000 each—and **Albert Gore** (Tenn.) and senatorial candidate **Howard Metzenbaum** (Ohio) getting largest slugs—over \$50,000 each. Metzenbaum is in neck-in-neck battle with Rep. **Robert Taft Jr.**, Gore is trailing Rep. **Wm. Brock** by a few points. . . . Fair Campaign Practices Committee reports fewer complaints of unfair tactics this year, which hasn't stopped **Lee Shull**, National Director of the ADA, from blaming **Spiro Agnew** for "the dirtiest campaign in decades" (and just who was that who was blowing up little girls with daisies only six years ago?). . . . **Si Spaulding**, the Republican lamb who is running against **Teddy Kennedy** in Massachusetts, wishes someone—Agnew to be exact—would please call him a "radical lib," anything like that would be a help.

■ According to **Evans and Novak**, "the best campaigner" in the land this year is Gov. **Ronald Reagan**. Latest Field poll shows Reagan with 52 per cent, Unruh 36, 8 undecided. Reagan's coattails may be long enough to bring victory to



George Murphy, but probably not to **James Flournoy**, the conservative Republican Negro who is running for Secretary of State in California against white Democratic liberal, **Edmund G. Brown Jr.**, son of former Gov. **Pat Brown**. . . . Campaign slips: **Paul Newman**, groggy after sixty appearances in three days for Democratic senatorial candidate **Joseph Duffey** in Conn., begged off from signing an autograph with excuse: "I'd like to oblige but we've got a murder on our schedule." . . . Texas Gov. **Preston Smith**, running an unexpectedly tight race against Republican **Paul Eggers**, wanted to know what his audience had against "frijoles" (Mexican fried beans). What the crowd had been shouting was "Free Lee Otis"—(Lee Otis Johnson, who has been sentenced to thirty years in jail on a marijuana charge).

■ Names in the News. **John Dos Passos** died without receiving the coveted Medal of Freedom Award from the White House because, says *Human Events*, Presidential speechwriter **William Safire** objected: Safire, a liberal Republican, objected because Dos Passos was a "reactionary." . . . Commander **Lloyd Bucher** of the *Pueblo* will retire next year, after twenty years of service in the Navy. . . . A new movie on the Sacco-Vanzetti case is rolling in Italy; **Joan**

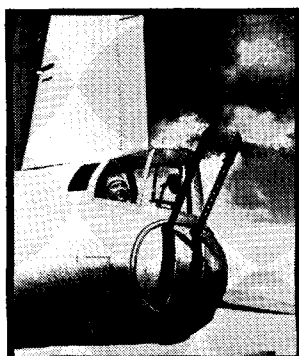
Baez has recorded the theme song. . . . Greek actress **Melina** (*Never on Sunday*) **Mercouri** will play the lead in the movie about **Rosa Luxembourg** which her husband, **Jules Dassin**, is directing. . . . **Eldridge Cleaver**, fresh from welcoming **Timothy Leary** and wife to Black Panther headquarters in Algiers, preparing to take off for speaking tour in West Germany. Only problem: Might the West Germans extradite him if the U.S. requested it?

■ **Angela Davis** is off it, but three other women are now on FBI's Most Wanted List (recently expanded from ten to sixteen). They are **Bernadine Dohrn** of Weathermen, and two Brandeis graduates, **Katherine Ann Power** and **Susan Saxe**, wanted in connection with Boston bank holdup and murder. (Miss Dohrn has also turned up in Algiers.) . . . **Alan Spector**, who led the non-Weatherman section of SDS and claims to be the SDS national secretary, disclaims any responsibility for current wave of bombings. . . . As of late October, the **Manson** trial had cost the city of Los Angeles over \$300,000. . . . Many members of the American Academy of Pediatrics outraged over Award AAP gave Dr. **Benjamin Spock** this year. Spock quipped with newsmen that at least "no one can accuse me of having brought up Spiro Agnew or Richard Nixon." . . . Note sent to a Boston paper after bombing of Harvard's Center for International Affairs (\$20,000 damage) said it was bombed because "it grooms toads like **Henry Kissinger**, who left the Center to join Nixon's Death Machine."

■ From the always amusing letters column of *N.Y. Daily News*, this comment from a gentleman from Missouri: "Senator **Fulbright** announced that he hasn't seen any evidence of Russian sub bases in Cuba. Please tell him that I haven't either, and that he's not to worry."

HOW WE WON THE AIR WAR IN WORLD WAR II

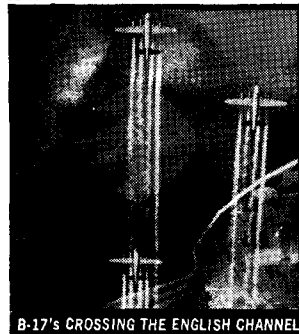
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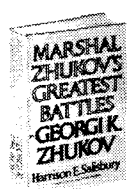
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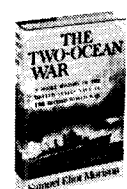
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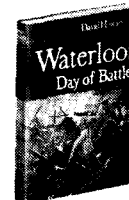
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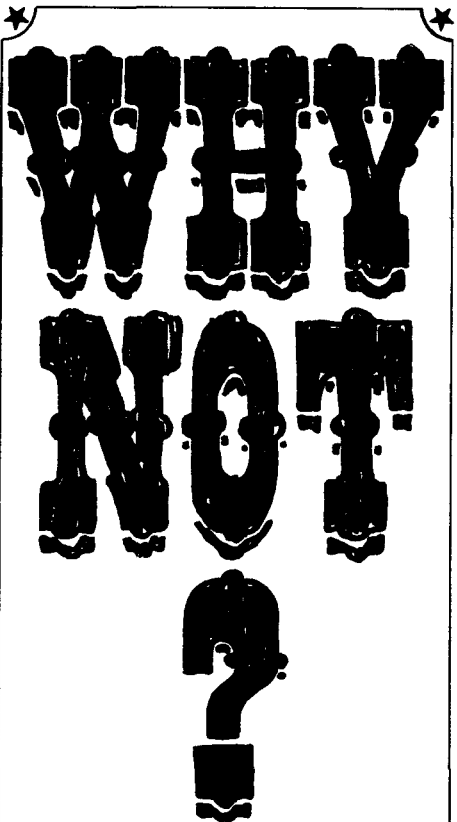
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IN THIS ISSUE



■ A word about the cover. Our editor in chief had a pleasant pre-election dream: The cads, bounders and bad guys were all swept out of office in the November 3 conservative tidal wave and the glad tidings were dutifully but sorrowfully reported in the *New York Times*. The dream was translated into reality by *NR*'s Art Director, James O'Bryan, and his beautiful artist-in-residence, Marge Valko, who have turned out so many striking *NR* covers.

■ It's the election issue, and we have on-the-scene campaign reports from New York, California and Texas. **James J. Kilpatrick** marches from the Confederacy to Manhattan to cover the Buckley campaign.

Mr. Kilpatrick continues to keep to his hectic schedule of writing columns and articles, appearing on TV shows, and debating the philistines on college campuses. He also mulls occasionally the idea of writing a book on Southern country life, but when the impulse gets too strong, he says, "I just lie down until it goes away."

... **John Coyne**, just back from California, sadly notes the demise of Big Daddy. Mr. Coyne's first book, *The Kumquat Statement*, was published by Cowles on October 21. The Second Book is not quite under way, and Mr. Coyne finds Mr. Kilpatrick's prescription for bookauthoritis increasingly attractive. ... **William Murchison** is columnist and editorial writer for the *Dallas Times Herald* and a contributor to *Human Events*. "I am founder, chairman and sole member of the Texas Tory Party," writes Mr. Murchison, "whose objectives are the prevention of Ralph Yarborough and the restoration of the Rumanian monarchy." ... **M. Stanton Evans** gives us his typically prescient national election run-down.

■ **Peter Witonski**, professor of history at Washington University in St. Louis, reviews the posthumous book by Willmoore Kendall, one of the founding editors of this journal. ... **Theodore Sturgeon**, dean of science fiction writers, celebrates the publication of an anthology of modern science fiction stories. "Buy this book. Read this book. Give this book," says Mr. Sturgeon. ... **M. Stanton Evans** checks into this issue a second time with a review of the new Roosevelt volume by James MacGregor Burns. ... **W. I. Scobie**, L.A. correspondent of the *London Observer*, reports on the West Coast cultural explosion.



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LETTERS

Bouquets

I found the September 22 issue of *NR* to be most interesting and refreshing. You don't know how enjoyable I find the works of your writers after reading ultra-liberal material that just does not face reality.

James Burnham did an excellent job, as always, in describing the revolutionist of today. However, I was most impressed by Al Capp's "Advice to Princeton Alumni." He presented his views in a convincing way by showing why trouble really exists on campuses today. Good job.
Ruxton, Md. JOHN SINCLAIR

I have just finished reading Al Capp's "Advice to Princeton Alumni," and I want to say I think he hit the nail squarely on the head.

I have realized for some time that your magazine injects a little humor into the editorials and articles in order to prevent the sadness of the truth from overcoming the reader completely. Other magazines just omit the sad news.
Atlanta, Ga. WALTER ROSS COX

SOME Information

Priscilla Buckley's "Movies Are Better Than Ever" [Oct. 6] is a fine article on a subject I would know more about. The projector, screen, chairs and people are no problem. But where are the films obtained? Thanks.
New York, N.Y. JOHN K. FITCH JR.

Three companies which provide excellent service are: Films, Inc., 3501 Queens Blvd., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101; Brandon Films, Inc., 221 W. 57th St., N.Y.C. 10019; Contemporary Films, McGraw-Hill Book Co., 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y.C. 10036. —PLB

Gripe

In re "Happy Birthday Mr. Beethoven" [October 20].

Dear Mr. Rickenbacker: Never mind Glenn Gould; how dare you?
Mojave, Calif. CARMEN BURAND

Irish Conservatives

Francis Russell, in his article regarding Massachusetts Irish voters and the Kennedys [Aug. 11], clearly forgot that the conservative voters in the United States have much to thank the Irish for—for example, Ronald Reagan, George Murphy, James Buckley, Max Rafferty and Joseph McCarthy. In Massachusetts this year there

was a conservative candidate just aching for a shot at Teddy. John McCarthy, who was defeated by a Goodell-type in the Republican primary, is a down-the-road Nixon supporter and admits it (unusual in New England). Mr. Russell has not looked at the Irish who are joining the Republican Party or becoming independents because they are conservative. I weep for the voter of any ethnic group who votes for a candidate because he is of that group and looks pretty.

Brimfield, Mass. RODERICK P. MURPHY

Our informants tell us that Teddy is losing popularity with the Irish in Ireland, too: although the New York Times would have us believe that students at Trinity College Dublin were completely and thoroughly entranced by Teddy's speech to the College Historical Society this spring, members of said society do not all share that opinion.

—ED.

Nostra Culpa

Robert Moses' article "Bomb Shelters, Arks and Ecology" [Sept. 8] was one of the best articles in *NR* for many years—and to suggest superlatives among always excellent material is high praise indeed. Unfortunately, ain't none of us "conservatives" perfect. It was a sour note in such a superb article to note Mr. Moses' falling into the common error about witch-burning among the Puritans: "The Puritan penchant for witch-burning is well documented." I challenge Mr. Moses to produce the documents he alleges as "no new thing in this country." In this country Puritans did not burn witches, they hanged 'em. Usually thus in England too. But there, an occasional burning may have taken place. Certainly documentable for England is drowning—gradually at that by immersing repeatedly from a pole.

And while I'm about it (Mr. Moses completely innocent), may I plead with my fellow conservatives at *NR* to cease having Dante place neutrals in the lowest circle of Hell? Dante is far too profound an author to fall into that oversimplification. In fact, the neutrals (angels) who played it cool in the revolt of Lucifer against God and refused to take sides were, 'tis true, cast out of Heaven. But Hell refused to receive them as unworthy. Thus, neutral rejects of Heaven without the guts to sin lustfully enough to make Hell are condemned to linger forever in the approaches to Hell,

being stung by gnats and flies along with trivia-mongers, not men enough to be tormented by real torments. Dante is much more apperceptive than our conservatives at *NR* who several times a year think neutrals worthy of Hell's best.

VINCENT MCCROSSEN
Professor of Comparative
Literature
Chestnut Hill, Mass. Boston College

Women's Rights

Ernest van den Haag, in his article, "Women: How Equal?" [Sept. 8], has given two contradictory opinions on the Equal Rights Amendment. He states: "A constitutional amendment may not be the best way of doing it, yet I certainly welcome the removal of any legal disabilities, protections, exclusions or privileges instituted by law for (or against) women." He then belabors the necessity for the Equal Rights Amendment on the assumption that it makes equality mandatory. To quote again: "Any person, or group, should be permitted to associate with (or to exclude) anyone who consents to be associated with it (or to be included by it)." If I have not missed the somewhat cloudy intent, then Mr. van den Haag would like to have his cake and eat it too! His assumption is much too idealistic if he expects taboos and traditions dating back hundreds, yes, even thousands, of years of women's second-class status simply to disappear.

Richmond, Va. ZELDA K. NORDLINGER

In Defense of E. M. Forster

Colm Brogan was probably right to wonder how E. M. Forster could be called "the greatest novelist of his age" ["Voyage Autour de Ma Chambre," Aug. 25]: How does one compare writers as different as Forster, Joyce, Conrad, Ford? But he surely was one of the greatest. Such writing as his—the superb metaphors, the brilliant comic dialogue, the symphonic structure, the fine characterization—deserves "hushed reverence," no matter what Forster may have been like in private life. Nor was Forster a "pontificator" in the sense in which Mr. Brogan uses the word: He usually knew what he thought was good (friendship, maintenance of ties with the past, intellect), but he was always very skeptical as to the possibility of its being achieved. To call *A Passage to India* "wisdom-of-the-East hokum" is largely to misunderstand how the novel works: Forster realized that the West could not fully accept Islam and could not begin to understand Hinduism; although the third section of *Passage* suggests that Hinduism may be the best answer for India, Forster never says that the West should try to assimilate it.

Because of this skepticism, Forster's novels are singularly unpolemical; furthermore, in his insistence on the importance of tradition (a theme which permeates *How-*

ards End), Forster was more a Tory than a modern liberal (he said himself that he never felt quite at home in the postwar world). One can understand Mr. Brogan's being ill-tempered after seven months cooped up in a London flat, but Forster did not deserve this attack.

New York, N.Y.

LINDA BRIDGES

How's That Again?

In their book reviews for the October 20 issue of *NR*, Guy Davenport and Eliseo Vivas display their usual irenic ascesis in explaining the circumjacence of dystopian criticism, as well as in analysing the zymosis caused by, among other things, today's *Burschenschaften*.

Baltimore, Md.

JONATHAN HART

The Alternative Is Rocky

Though I have great respect for Bill von Dreele,

As comic, poet, wit and sonneteer,
I must confess his latest made me reel
(Filet mignon—but cut from a bum steer).
Against his Greeks, I raise a Roman voice
(Back to the days of Cato turn the clock),
Maintaining while there is a triple choice
Not even Bill can get me stoned on Rock.
I can't deny that Goldberg's slightly worse
But there's no good in backing Nels instead—

For he and Arthur (though a shade diverse)
Are two like faces on their Janus head.
So, join Horatius, Cicero and me
And plant your flag with Adams on Row C.
New York, N.Y.

JOHN D. KIRWAN

A Southerner Objects

Professor Harry V. Jaffa's review-essay ["Spokesman for the Political Tradition," Oct. 6], while containing much wisdom, seems to me to be spoilt by a topsy-turvy historical analogy. Comparing Lincoln and Agnew, he asks: How are the Weathermen, Black Panthers, etc. different from South Carolina in 1861? How indeed! As different as night and day. The South Carolinians were not the Weathermen of 1861; they were conservatives seeking to shelter their society against the Weathermen of their time, typified by John Brown and his cut-throats, who had been rendered respectable by the capture of the Presidency by the respectable political wing of their movement (i.e., the Republican Party).

The South Carolinians, *pace* Dr. Jaffa, never claimed the right to disobey laws with which they did not agree. It was the Republican Party that in 1860 proclaimed a "Higher Law" and it was the radicals on its fringes that put the proclamation into effect (John Brown; resisters of the fugitive slave law). How can Dr. Jaffa equate secession, the probably constitutional and certainly orderly and legalistic expression of the majority will of a semi-sovereign political community (antebellum state) acting on conservative motives and instincts, with

the acts of revolutionaries and terrorists? His position seems to suggest a kind of superstitious subservience to the Federal Government for its own sake rather than for the ends for which it was founded; which is not a very conservative stand.

The crux of Dr. Jaffa's thesis is that Lincoln formed a new consensus where the old one had broken down. To the contrary, it was Lincoln's election that made consensus impossible, just as the activities of the New Leftists today make consensus impossible even as they whine about the need to bring the nation together. The Civil War was a victory for the radicals, not the conservatives.

I make this objection to Professor Jaffa's thesis not to revive old sectional antagonisms, but because if conservatives today are to win any real victories they must get straight what ground it is they are fighting for. Besides, the South, which must always take more than its share of the blows and buffets of the revolutionaries and which seemingly must always give its electoral votes dutifully to one or the other national party which proceeds to betray it, has enough to do in merely surviving without taking on the additional burden of gratuitous slurs from Northern conservatives. Professor Jaffa should remember that, subtracting the loyal millions of the South,

Mr. Agnew's conservative Silent Majority might not be a majority.

Chapel Hill, N.C.

CLYDE WILSON

On Rodman and Chile

Selden Rodman ["October Revolution in Chile?," Oct. 6] begins his article by stating that "the world was stunned to hear that a third of Chile's electorate had given the winning margin to a Marxist-Leninist." This is difficult to understand in view of the fact that the leftist candidate, Dr. Salvador Allende, lost the 1958 election by only 33,000 votes as compared with his plurality of only 39,000 votes over his nearest opponent. Alessandri, last month. It was not at all surprising that the Marxists—always strong in Chile—won a narrow victory in this three-way contest. As to the United States' reaction to the Chileanization of Anaconda's properties, Mr. Rodman says that it "would seem to be predetermined by its mistakes in the past." This statement is followed by reference to "our traditional support" for Standard Oil, Anaconda, United Fruit and other "corporate giants." If such support for these companies, which Mr. Rodman concedes have made major contributions to Latin America's economic and social progress, could be considered to be a "mistake"—

(Continues on page 1175)

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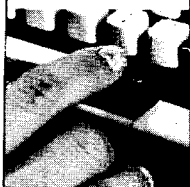


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response yet recorded to Spiro Agnew's attacks on party disloyalty. "I'd like to know who Mr. Agnew supported for President in 1932," huffed Hatfield. "I supported Herbert Hoover. I supported Alf Landon in 1936, but I don't know who Mr. Agnew supported." Footnote: Hatfield was ten years old in 1932. The Vice President was fourteen.

■ On October 14 by bizarre coincidence and yet as if intended to be a comment on détente for the 25th anniversary gathering at the United Nations, the Soviet Union, Communist China and the United States all conducted nuclear explosions. Though the Chinese blast occurred in the atmosphere above Lop Nor in Sinkiang Province, the United States and the Soviet Union adhered to their limited test ban treaty of 1963 by sticking to underground devices. The Soviet test was estimated to be in the six-megaton range (five times more potent than any American underground test), probably of the MIRV type used on SS-9 missiles. The Chinese test was their first in over a year (and the eleventh since their first tests in 1964); for the Soviet Union and the United States, respectively, it was the 43rd and 222nd since the 1963 treaty was signed. And in New York the diplomats, whistling in the dark so as not to be outdone by anyone else's celebration, began amiably assembling at UN headquarters.

■ Is a new interpreter needed at the Vietnam peace talks in Paris? In answer to President Nixon's ceasefire proposals, Nguyen Than Le, spokesman for Hanoi, said: "Our rejection is firm, total and categorical." David Bruce, chief U.S. negotiator, replied: "Ladies and gentlemen, we will not take your comments today as your final position."

■ Senator Charles "Three's-a-Crowd" Percy (R., Ill.) says he will sponsor a bill in the 92nd Congress to limit the number of income tax exemptions for children to two, because what with the population explosion and the pabulum shortage two children per family should become "a way of life in America." Senator Dooley Mossback (I., Confusion), meanwhile, will propose legislation requiring the government to mind its own goddam business.

■ Out in Gary, Indiana they're going to try a little experiment. Eight hundred poor families will be assured guaranteed annual incomes (courtesy of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare) of up to \$4,200, for three years. A team of sociologists will Observe Them and a control group of unsubsidized poor families to determine what effect the guaranteed income has on their incentive to go out and get jobs to boost their receipts above the poverty level. The observers' final report will read, bet on it: "Incentive, shmincentive—it's the only *humane* thing to do."

■ You settle down in your private compartment. The train pulls out of New York at 3 P.M., rain, snow or shine. Dinner in the diner, then to sleep as you roar through Virginia and the Carolinas. Into New Orleans at 8:25 the

next evening; a stopover for a night on the town; your compartment is your hotel room. Leave at noon; through Houston, Tucson, Phoenix to California. New York to Los Angeles in three days, fifteen hours and thirty minutes. We're not nostalgizing—you can do it right now, thanks to the Penn Central, Southern and Southern Pacific Railroads. Snowy napery. Good food. No two-drink limit. All the scenery you could want. No change of cars. They call it the Transcontinental Rail Cruise. It may not bring Americans back to the passenger trains, but it's a try, bless their corporate hearts!

■ "How goes the election [in New York]? If we can judge by auto bumper stickers, School's Open is in front, Buckley second and moving up, and Catskill Game Farm is running third. Haven't seen a Christine Jorgensen sticker so far." (Letter to the *Daily News* from Norb Kearns, Queens, N.Y.)

■ Officials of the Department of Manpower and Leadership Potential, the so-called "youth bureau" recently elevated to Cabinet level, have expressed grave concern over the Moral Blight ravaging the current crop of young people. The Blight (*nihilis weathermanus*), introduced into this country by wind-carried spores from the Old World, is extremely contagious; it spreads by various kinds of social and educational contact, and is also transmitted by certain kinds of paper, especially newsprint. Victims undergo progressive moral enervation, symptomized by paralysis of reasoning faculties, delusions of righteousness, social withdrawal, paranoia and, in later stages, irresistible destructive impulses and susceptibility to idiot slogans. Federal officials estimate that only 10 per cent of the current youth crop has escaped the blight altogether; as much as 15 per cent has been destroyed, and the remainder damaged in varying degrees. DMLP Under Secretary Freebish punctuated his concern with the conviction that "today's young people are tomorrow's manpower and leaders," and requested \$45 billion in supplemental funds to combat the Blight and aid hard-hit areas. "We desperately need more youth centers and mimeograph facilities, workshops and schools," he said. Freebish also called for a program of federal subsidies

Arthur Wraps It Up

I think it was a disservice to the country to keep President Roosevelt in for a fourth term. —Arthur Goldberg

Rockefeller found the quote.
Rockefeller, you old goat!
Certainly it's very odd—
Rather like attacking God.
What's he said about the Pope?
Goodness gracious, what a dope.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Arthur's smearing FDR.

W. H. VON DREELE

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- **Foreign money managers can mitigate—or magnify—the domestic effects of our inflation. What do the moves toward an international European currency portend for American investors?**
- **Bond yields are near or at historic highs. What role, if any, should bonds play in your portfolio?**
- **With the Dow Jones Industrial Average down as much as 30% in the past 12 months, most investors are holding stocks that show cruel losses. What should you do with your worst performers?**
- **Are antiques a good inflation hedge for a middle-class family? A wealthy family? How about gems? And silver dollars or gold coins?**
- **In the last depression, certain gold mining shares rose ten-fold in price. Today, are gold mining shares a reasonably secure inflation hedge?**

If you can't handle these questions—beware. Inappropriate inflation defense can turn out to be worse than no defense at all. Many normally prudent people, for example, buy heavily into a few gold mining companies and think their inflation defense is complete.

Sure, placing a proportion of your portfolio in a few carefully chosen—and carefully watched—gold mining companies, is a reasonable inflation hedge. But, as Wm. F. Rickenbacker points out, the price of gold is unpredictable due to international political intrigues (South Africa and Russia are the leading gold producers). And since, in addition, there is no reliable method of forecasting when monetary crises will strike, gold mining shares are highly speculative. Painful losses may follow when they're least expected—and when they can be least afforded.

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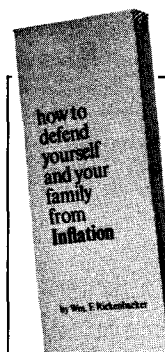
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"It would be a tragedy if, knowing the fallacies of Keynes, we did not take steps to protect ourselves from the results of something-for-nothing economics."
—Wm. F. Rickenbacker

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N-24

to the “youth arts,” explaining that so-called “rock festivals” provide an outlet to rechannel violent impulses into meaningful dialogue.

■ We call them “hippies.” The Russians call them *bichi*, and *Pravda* is worried because there are more and more of them in the streets of Moscow. The solution? Quick action by the government, “before it becomes a disease, as it is in capitalist countries.” Biological warfare, anyone?

■ The National Committee for Responsible Patriotism has launched Operation Gratitude, a nationwide show of support for policemen and fire fighters. Highlight of Operation Gratitude will be Appreciation Day, scheduled for Tuesday, December 15. Activities include: on the fifteenth, the NCRP asks that all Americans fly our flag; that all motorists drive with headlights on; that churches ring bells for five minutes, from 11:55 to noon; that governors and mayors issue proclamations in support of Appreciation Day; and that school children be organized to visit police stations and fire departments. The Committee also asks that all Americans observe a moment of silence at noon on the fifteenth for those policemen and firemen killed in the line of duty.

■ From our file of recent headlines, for your delectation. The stories both say that three men were acquitted of conspiracy to rob but convicted for unlawful possession of firearms. The headlines?

CONVICT 3 PANTHERS—*N.Y. Sunday News*

3 FORMER PANTHERS ACQUITTED OF CONSPIRACY TO ROB
—*N.Y. Times*.

The Girl Who Has Everything

If the master carver had laid out his tools and set about making the perfect icon for the contemporary Left counterculture, he would necessarily have brought forth Angela Davis. Reality and symbol totally coincide, for Angela embodies every, not most, not nearly all, but every feature of the current Scene. Her arrest and impending trial seem likely, therefore, to galvanize the freaks in a way that the Kunstlers, the Spocks, the Scales and the Porpoises could never even approach.

First, and very important, she is academic. She taught philosophy for a while at UCLA, until her martyrdom by Reagan and the Regents. Perfect. Even better, if possible: she is still a student! A graduate student working for her Ph.D., until J. Edgar Hoover and his SS took away her 5 x 8 cards. Plenty of identification potential there, right? In addition, if possible, she is black, and very Third Worldly about it all—and therefore available to everything from Chicanos to Angolans to Incas and Sioux. And she is a woman! She will electrify Femalelibs. And some men—apparently including all reporters—find her attractive! Sex!

And what's more, she even touched base in Middle

America by being caught shackled up with a boy friend in a Howard Johnson's motel. Amazingly, and climactically, she somehow manages to combine the New and the Old Left. Her style is New Left, but, cast in its present form by the Marxist Marcuse and by her studies at the Marxist Institute of Social Relations at the Goethe University in Frankfurt, her mind is another icecube out of the old dialectical refrigerator. Though she normally sports the biggest Afro this side of the Zambesi, you will notice that her lawyer is the Party's old faithful, John Abt, and that Gus Hall, kingpin of the American Communist Party, is already scurrying around organizing the Free Angela Movement. New and Old Left come together, the generations embrace at last.

Angela has achieved a truly remarkable crystallization. She would merit an appreciative guffaw—except that when she is extradited to California, and her trial commences in Reaganland, it will be time to batten down the hatches and ready the lifeboats on every American campus.

Pierre Trudeau: Counterrevolutionary

Who would have guessed that Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau would be the first head of a major Western government to blow the whistle on one of the neo-Maoist revolutionary outfits that are now pandemic in the Western world: Trudeau, the swinging left-winger, the one-time fellow of fellow travelers, the needler of Yankee imperialism, the crusader for détente with the Communist world. And to have it happen two days after he had recognized Communist China, one week before he was scheduled to visit the Soviet Union!

The United States press describes the Quebec Liberation Front (FLQ), which did the kidnaping and killing, as one of the organizations in Quebec's “nationalist,” “separatist” movement. This is misleading. The FLQ is in fact a revolutionary party of the extreme Maoist type that has latched onto Québécois nationalism as “the cause” (using Sir Robert Thompson's distinction) which under the given circumstances is most suited to advance its aim of the revolutionary overthrow of the Canadian state.

Trudeau declared a war emergency not just as a legal device but because he really believed Canada to be in or close to a war emergency. Canada is a mining country, and Trudeau knew that at least two tons of dynamite had been stolen from mining camps during the past few months. For several years the most flourishing export from the United States to Canada has been revolutionaries of all brands, and Trudeau knew that many of these, transformed into Separatists, were joining up with the FLQ and similar groups, and that the members of these groups were getting guerrilla training in Cuba and China. Trudeau's past ties have been with the Old Left, not the New. He might have continued temporizing if the FLQ had

been content with the British Consul General, James

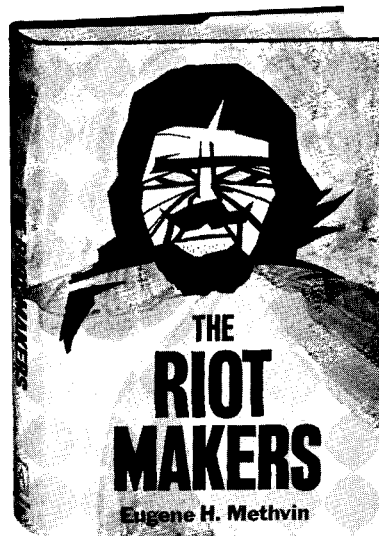
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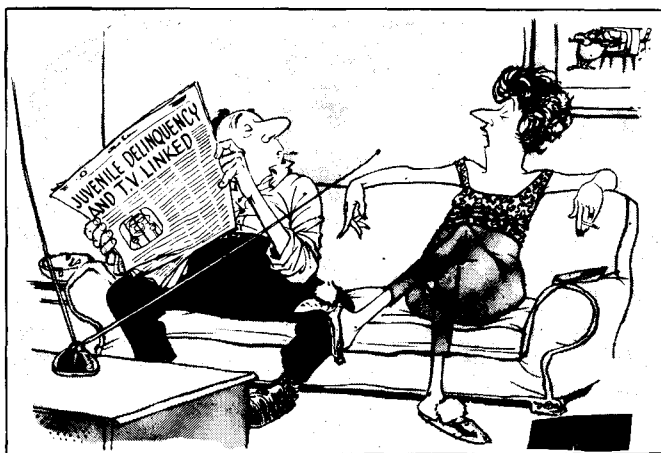
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Norris, *Vancouver Sun*, Canada

Ben Roth Agency

"Thank goodness our kids are out hanging around street corners and never see it."

Cross. After all, kidnaping foreign diplomats has become a more or less accepted custom.

But a member of his own cabinet, who was also an old personal friend and colleague, was too much. The moment had come when he had to act decisively, or show himself as an impotent weakling unfit to govern. So he picked up the challenge, told it the way it is, and ordered the kind of operation that a fight against an active revolutionary army requires. (See also James Burnham's column, p. 1153.) "There are a lot of bleeding hearts around," he told his countrymen, "who just don't like to see people with helmets and guns. . . . It is more important to keep law and order in the society than to be worried about weak-kneed people."

One wonders whether Mr. Trudeau will now reflect on the many ways in which his past flirtations, national and international, with the Left, and his slips into demagoguery, have smoothed the Maoists' path.

Double Focus on Kent State

At a meeting of some three thousand Kent State students last week, Craig Morton, student body president, called for an Oct. 23 Moratorium in which students throughout the country would boycott classes to protest the indictment by an Ohio grand jury of 25 Kent State students and faculty—including, as from his proposal you might have guessed, Craig Morton. The youthful campus politico also wondered aloud about "what is happening to us, what is happening to civil liberties in America today?" His sense of the universal danger flowing, one infers, from his own indictment for second-degree riot.

Initially it seemed, and was so reported in the press, that the findings of the grand jury were at loggerheads with those of the Scranton Commission on campus unrest. In its "Special Report: The Kent State Tragedy," the Commission concluded even-handedly: "The actions of some students were violent and criminal and those of others were dangerous, reckless and irresponsible. The indiscriminate firing of rifles into a crowd of students and the deaths that followed were unnecessary, unwarranted

and inexcusable." The grand jury, in contrast, returned no indictments of Guardsmen, but scathingly criticized the university administration and indicted 25 individuals from the campus.

Part of the disagreement here is a legal matter. The grand jury did not indict Guardsmen because it found that, in fact, they had violated no law. The differences in tone between the two groups, and the disagreements in apportioning blame, reflect their different perspectives; no pertinent facts appear to be in dispute. The Commission, appearing after the event and composed of outsiders, assembled a second-hand chronicle of what happened. The grand jury, in contrast, reflects the point of view of citizens who were *there*, who saw immediately and concretely the collapse of order first on the campus and then in the surrounding community during the long weekend of May 1-4.

The "Special Report: The Kent State Tragedy," 92 pages of text, 59 pages of remarkable photographs, fully documents the horror. Beginning on the evening of May 1 both campus and town were caught up in an intensifying spiral of anarchy and violence: riots in the main street of the town, arson and looting, passing motorists intimidated, police stoned, the ROTC building burned to the ground, local merchants told to put antiwar posters in their windows or else have their stores trashed, miscellaneous acts of arson, rocks thrown at firemen and their hoses slashed, the local police completely unable to deal with the situation. Upon sending in the National Guard Gov. James Rhodes called the turmoil "probably the most vicious form of campus-oriented violence yet perpetrated by dissident groups and their allies in the state of Ohio."

In the eyes of the local citizenry, their lives and property clearly threatened, the National Guard stood between the town and the immediate prospect of destruction. Under these circumstances neither they nor the grand jury can be expected to muse philosophically on such questions as whether the M-1 rifles ought to have been loaded, or whether the training of the Guard measures up to the most sophisticated standards.

The 59 pages of photographs in the Special Report richly repay study. Jeffrey Miller of Plainview, New York, for example, was killed by a Guardsman's bullet. "This was murder," says his father to the press. One sympathizes. But Photograph Eight shows young Miller, in hippie garb, and surrounded by other clearly disorderly students, making an obscene gesture at the troops. Photograph 25 shows Miller in the act of heaving a tear-gas canister at the Guard. And throughout the series of photographs the Guard is being pelted with rocks and other objects—missiles fully capable of causing injury or death—by swirling masses of students.

Allison Krause was another of the students killed. Her pockets, when examined, contained fragments of concrete and cinderblock: The clear inference is that she had been carrying chunks of this material to use as missiles.

All of this may not excuse, as the Commission concludes, random firing into a crowd. Nevertheless, and using the Commission's own report, you get, as the expression goes, the picture.



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In more tranquil times both national parties accommodate a wide spectrum of political positions, but when profound issues move to the foreground, when fundamental directions are in question, party loyalty weakens. We see such a tendency in key elections across the country this year.

In Virginia, for example, where Senator Harry Byrd Jr. is running as an independent against a moderate Republican and a liberal Democrat, the Nixon Administration is tacitly backing Byrd, even though he is, generically, a conservative Democrat. In New York the Administration has all but openly endorsed the Conservative Party candidacy of James Buckley instead of that of the sitting liberal Republican, Charles Goodell. In the senatorial race in Washington, the Administration favors the reelection of Democrat Henry Jackson, cooperative on defense matters, and has given zero support to his Republican opponent. In the Vermont contest, ultraliberal peace candidate Philip Hoff, who draws financial support from out-of-state leftist moneybags, is driving normally moderate and conservative Democrats into the camp of Republican incumbent Winston Prouty. In Connecticut, Democrats are fleeing all-out liberal Joseph Duffey for independent Tom Dodd or Republican Lowell Weicker. In California, hundreds of thousands of normally Democratic voters are following Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin into the Reagan camp. And there is bound to be movement in the other direction. Charles Goodell badly needs Democratic votes to have any chance at all; and John Lindsay, endorsing Arthur Goldberg, moves ever closer to a formal break with the Republicans. For the time being, then, some confusion; but the inevitable clarification will not be an unhealthy thing at all.

How Goes the New Federalism?

In a nationwide broadcast in the summer of 1969, Mr. Nixon proclaimed a primary goal of a Nixon Administration: "It is time for a New Federalism in which power, funds and responsibility will flow from Washington to the states and to the people."

Conservatives, libertarians and not a few disillusioned liberals like Richard Goodwin found the idea of a New Federalism attractive, and have been waiting patiently for Administration moves to begin to translate it into practice. The most important practical task of a New Federalism would be decentralizing what Professor Galbraith has taught us to call "the public sector"—the vast, suffocating economic conglomerate, Government Unlimited. We are encouraged by the report that the President plans a vigorous attempt to revive revenue-sharing legislation soon after the new Congress opens. However, we do not underestimate the difficulty of reversing the centralizing tendency which, strengthened by modern technology

and political appetite, so long prevailed. Reversal will require more than Presidential rhetoric. Consider this little story of time just past.

By existing law, local public housing authorities may not charge tenants more than 25 per cent of their income for rent. If the authorities can't make ends meet with that, they can get a subsidy from the Federal Government.

On September 23 Senator Carl Curtis (R., Neb.) introduced an amendment to the Housing and Urban Development Act of 1970 which would allow housing authorities to charge more than the 25 per cent under certain circumstances. The effect of the amendment was narrowly limited, applying only to some housing for the elderly in small, rural communities.

Senator Curtis supported his proposals with two propositions straight out of the script for a New Federalism:

1) "What I am saying is that somebody on the local scene can do better than Congress can by one rigid rule for across the country."

2) There are still some people (at least in Nebraska) who don't want federal subsidies. Senator Curtis mentioned the case of one elderly lady. "Her children preferred to make a sacrifice and assist their mother in paying the rent because they wanted to. It added to the feeling of well-being for both them and their mother."

Senator Edward Brooke (R., Mass.) led the fight against the Curtis amendment. If the housing authority needs money above the 25 per cent limit, he declared, they can get a subsidy from the Federal Government, "which subsidy has been funded and has been approved by Congress, and which subsidy they are entitled to and can get. . . . It is commendable that some individuals do not want to accept a government subsidy, but we are talking about a small amount of money in most instances."

To all of which Senator Curtis replied: "I submit there are things more important than a few dollars to an individual: Knowing that a bill would have to be presented to a debt-ridden Federal Government in Washington, an individual would lose a sense of well-being that is worthwhile. . . . Why does a senator have to stand here and beg for the right of his people to reject a subsidy? I cannot understand it."

Neither can we, which puts us into the minority along with Senator Curtis and the eight others who voted for his amendment. Fifty-nine senators voted against it.

When it comes to votes where they count, the New Federalism evidently has a long way to go.

We See You Down There, John Gardner

John W. Gardner has always been something of a paradox: Though he is the ultimate Establishmentarian, he has somehow never become established. Instead, he has wandered disconsolately through the corridors of political and institutional power, holding a succession of posts which, though political in various ways, were somehow also non-

political. The political substance has always had, characteristically, a do-goodish overlay. He has been president of the Carnegie Corporation, LBJ's Secretary of HEW, chairman of the Urban Coalition; he is the alumni's first choice for the presidency of Harvard. And now he has formed a curious organization called Common Concern, supposedly a "citizens' lobby" which will uphold the public interest against the myriad selfish interests.

Only the credulous could suppose that such an organization could really be above politics. And Gardner's activities all along have in fact been highly political, though always possessing that patina of disinterested virtue. In their political substance, moreover, they have also been nothing new. Thus, as chairman of the Urban Coalition Action Council, he lobbied against Haynsworth and Carswell, and for the voting rights and welfare reform bills.

There is no reason to think that Common Concern will be anything less banal, whatever vaporous claims Gardner may make for it. "We are going to build a true citizens' lobby," he says, "concerned not with the advancement of special interests but with the well-being of the nation." The "well-being of the nation" as perceived by Common Concern will, you may be sure, be best served by the current liberal nostrums; and yet a "special interest" is indeed being advanced—that of John W. Gardner, who is now the favored candidate of the Eastern wing of the Republican Party for the Presidential nomination in 1976.

Uh-Oh...

Can it be that Vietnamization is working because the enemy *wants* it to work? That's the suggestion of a CIA report being circulated in Washington, a gloomy document that tells of thirty thousand enemy agents having infiltrated the South Vietnamese government, military, police, intelligence service—even the Saigon delegation to the Paris peace talks. Thesis: Faced with a deteriorating military position after 1968, the Vietcong/North Vietnamese de-emphasized military action and stepped up political warfare. Thus, for example, "pacification" has appeared to work because the enemy has decided not to oppose it, preferring to infiltrate the ranks of the pacifiers.

Certainly, the American people have tended to overlook the political aspect of the war in Southeast Asia in favor of the purely military. We have been gratified to read of declining casualty figures, fewer military engagements, more and more areas of South Vietnam pacified. Thus gratified, more and more of us have supported the policy of Vietnamization, because by the indices with which we are familiar it has been working.

If the CIA report is correct, it suggests that once Vietnamization has been accomplished, the non-Communist government of South Vietnam will be overthrown from within and the country whose independence we committed ourselves to defend will fall to the Communists like the proverbial overripe fruit.

The White House hastens to minimize the report as over-dramatic. We will hope so.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Presidential campaigning in a number of senatorial contests, especially in the Northeast, is the second blow of a one-two punch intended to bring straying or erratic GOP officeholders into line as much as to elect Republican candidates. The first blow was Vice President Agnew's attacks on errant Republican Charles Goodell of New York, aimed by implication at other liberal, anti-Administration Republicans. Now, in his own lower-keyed and subtle fashion, the President, too, is making a major push for party regularity.

The President's visit to Pennsylvania is a case in point. Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott will win handily, with or without the President, but the Nixon visit may increase Scott's margin and thereby his prestige. Scott's aides have been worried about the Minority Leader's standing in his own party in view of the Administration's casting-off of the straying Goodell, for whom Scott sponsored a fund-raising party in Washington recently. The result of the worry has been something between a shuffle and a scramble by Scott to get on the Administration "regular Republican" bandwagon.

Among the signs of change: Scott's appearance with Vice President Agnew at a campaign dinner, during which Scott tried to damp down the flap over Goodell; an orchestrated campaign of praise for Scott's support of the President by Administration officials; and a news leak (to

U.S. News & World Report) from liberal GOP Senate sources friendly to Scott that Scott would not be challenged in his bid for GOP leadership in the 92nd Congress.

The White House is still irked about Scott's remark that his support of G. Harrold Carswell for the Supreme Court was a mistake. But Administration campaign strategists have been taking the line that liberal-to-moderate positions may be all right for candidates in some states, such as Pennsylvania. In return for Administration campaign support, however, left-of-center Republicans may expect to be closely watched once they are elected.

GOP campaign sources draw the comparison with incumbent Senator Winston Prouty of Vermont, a Republican with a relatively liberal constituency. Although Prouty takes a rather left-of-center stance on some issues, he has been a staunch Administration backer on issues the White House considers crucial. As a result, Prouty received a strong Presidential boost in his close race with former Governor Philip Hoff: a Nixon visit to Burlington, Vermont and a warm endorsement.

On the other hand, the Nixon visit to Connecticut on behalf of GOP senatorial hopeful Lowell Weicker has something of the aura of a precautionary measure. Weicker, no whiz as a party loyalist in the House, could be a thorn in the Administration's side in the Senate. For candidates like Weicker the Presidential boost is given in hope of

building a personal obligation to the President and the party into the candidate's brief from the voters.

President Nixon and the leaders of the 1970 Republican campaign are trying to avoid mistakes like the Presidential involvement in the 1969 Virginia gubernatorial race. A visit by the President to Virginia is credited by most pundits and party analysts with electing Linwood Holton, Virginia's first GOP governor since Reconstruction. But it is an open secret that White House displeasure with Holton, a one-time Nixon favorite, has caused a complete dry-up on funds for the little-known Republican Senate candidate, Ray Garland, nominated by Virginia Republicans at Holton's insistence. The example of the under-funded, under-supported, mostly ignored Garland is being cited as an example of what happens to candidates whose sponsors neglect their party responsibilities.

White House support for party regulars has not been lacking, even when candidates would seem anything but sure winners. Although the mathematics of the Democratic primary would seem to indicate that incumbent Senator Joseph Tydings of Maryland is in trouble, polls have put Tydings well ahead of GOP nominee Congressman Glenn Beall, a Nixon backer. A recently announced Nixon visit to Maryland in support of Beall has been cited by Republican sources as an example of White House willingness to go to bat for candidates whose prospects are less than bright. —CARO

The Antipollution Squeeze

There wasn't much business the Senate managed to finish before adjourning for the election, but it did put itself boldly on record, 73-0, for the 95-page National Air Quality Standards Act of 1970 that its sponsor, Senator Edmund S. Muskie, hopes will lift him to the 1972 Presidential nomination. This is one action, you may be sure, that cannot be accused of Polarizing the Nation. There is not a single candidate this year from Nome to Key West who hasn't come out four-square against pollution.

It is hard to suppress a twinge of cynicism in appraising a unanimous vote. If everybody is for it, one somehow feels it can't mean anything much. It becomes a vote for Virtue—antipollution being this year's Virtue-equivalent.

The issue is not, of course, Clean Air or Clean Water or Clean Earth. Who can be against Cleanliness? Certainly, no senator: cf. the tally. The issue might be put this way: *How clean do we want our air, water and earth to*

be, at what price? The price of cleanup comes high, not merely in dollars, but in what the dollars stand for—the diversion of energy and man hours from *other* objectives, from the production or improvement of this, that and the other thing that we may also want.

The Senate bill calls for (among much else) a reduction of 90 per cent by 1975 in the emissions of carbon monoxide, hydrocarbons and nitrogen oxides from automobile engines. The auto industry states that this goal is technologically impossible to achieve within that time. There are other technological and administrative difficulties: Eliminating these pollutants may involve increase of even worse ones; old autos will still be on the road; it would seem almost impossible to police conformity *after* autos will have left the factories and got into the hands of private drivers. But even assuming all technological and administrative problems could be solved, that pure 1975 car (to be christened a "Muskie," why not?) would cost an awful lot more than a 1970 car, which is expensive enough. This means there would have to be a lot fewer

cars sold, or we would have to skimp on other things in order to buy cars on our present scale. As a driver, I might be glad enough to see *other* people buying fewer cars. But naturally *I* have to drive. Maybe this use of antipollution for automobile birth control is what we want, but we are going to have to learn that in one way or another we are going to pay for it, and pay plenty. Already the antipollutant devices being imposed on cars are adding substantially to costs and cutting down on performance, as drivers will soon be discovering with the lower-powered 1971 engines designed for lower-octane lead-free gas. (That lower performance, with less reserve for passing and emergencies, may lift the accident rate too, it might be noted.)

Similar comments might be made on the drive to make utility companies cut down on all types of pollution from their plants and locate somewhere else than nearby whoever is talking. A new legal action against the building of any more nuclear plants anywhere until there can be absolute guarantees of absolute purity under all possible circumstances was started last summer at the very moment when the East Coast was undergoing a series of electricity brownouts and blackouts because of inadequate power reserves. And a power and heating shortage is predicted for this winter because of insufficient fuel stocks due in part to prohibition of high-sulphur content coal and oil.

The present antipollution movement is part fad, part political demagoguery, part a matter of taste and choice, and part physical necessity for human survival. Its faddish and demagogic elements may fade away—styles in fads and demagoguery, as in other fields, change frequently. But an antipollution drive—which is nothing new, which is in truth as old as pollution, that is, as old as life—will continue with us, and will be absorbing a rapidly growing proportion of our total production-energy output. This will mean, must mean, an economic squeeze within which

it will be exceedingly difficult to sustain the production of other things—food, shelter, transport, recreation, trifles—at the escalating level to which we have grown accustomed. If the production, because of that squeeze, begins to head down relative to total population—which would be equivalent to a lowering of the general standard of living—how will that be received by the citizens at large? And where then will the resources come from to carry out the grandiose plans for raising the living standards of the poor, solving the problems of the cities etc., that are also so enthusiastically sponsored by the Muskies among us? Perhaps as a rider to their Purity bills, the senators should pass a unanimous resolution to revoke the laws of economics.

There'll Always Be a Sociology Teacher

Students taking their regular midterm exams in sociology at Rutgers University, New Brunswick, New Jersey, now find an additional page stapled to their examination. To wit:

Bomb Scare Question

"Instructions: In the event of a bomb threat, you are to answer the question below. It is to be completed in a blue book. Your name, section and instructor's name must be on the front cover. This blue book must be returned with the original examination folded inside, and returned no later than Tuesday, Oct. 20, 9:30 A.M. Blue books returned without the original exam will *not* be graded.

"We have read, discussed and analyzed the reasons for the use of violence by the police against protesters and minority groups. Your job is to be a sociological consultant



"What's all this talk I hear about our being considered irrelevant?"

to society, with the problem of reducing (if not eliminating) the use of violence, and to create a setting wherein normative consensus between the presently antagonistic groups could develop.

"What would you do? Suggestions such as T-groups, or resocializing either the police or protesters and ethnic groups are not very useful in the absence of *structural* and *organizational* changes. Hence, your answer (recommendations) should be aimed at alterations in the social structure. In making these recommendations, explain why you have made this suggestion(s) and what you think will be accomplished by such change(s)."

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Phil Ochs is supposed to stand for peace, brotherhood and love. Even though you may possess the same qualities, you tend to be looked upon as someone who is conservative and reserved. Since you both came to Whittier College, I had a chance to meet you both in person and found that of the two, you were a much [underlined three times—Ed.] more warm and giving individual!

Peace, Love and Happiness, Robin Small
Stauffer Hall, Whittier, Calif.

P.S. You also have a sexy wink!

Dear Miss Small: You should have seen Edmund Burke's wink—and compared it to Tom Paine's! Love, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

Aren't the people accusing the Vice President of polarizing the nation themselves increasing the polarization by making all the pro-Agnew people more anti anti-Agnew people? John Lofton, Republican National Committee, Washington

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Last month I was appointed president of the Fordham Conservative Club by the outgoing president. Upon arriving on campus, I was dismayed to find that I may be the only member. It is thus a dying, if not dead, club, which desperately needs revitalization. As a recent convert to conservatism, I am not sure I am capable of doing so. I do not even know what my duties are. Would you send me any ideas you might have on getting the Conservative Club back on its feet? I am at a loss as to where to begin. It is so bad that I cannot even find my office—if indeed I have one. Sincerely,

John P. Brennan
2345 Webster Avenue, Apt. 2E
Bronx, N.Y. 10458

Dear Mr. Brennan: Perhaps other student conservative leaders will give you their own experiences. Meanwhile, contact Young Americans for Freedom, 1221 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005. Best, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Man, like here's the scene, concatenated. Sunday night. The show lurches into a fade-out. A valedictory help. It starts to dilate, then dazzle, finally edify, then end. Like the others. One blink. Then a terrific gasp, the duration of which allows the set, now smoking a bit after the apocalypse, to resume regular emissions of bland anesthetizing air. But I don't sleep. Instead, the epiphany rays (yours . . . and kindly allow each man his metaphor as you via Mailer would say) linger informally so that even hours after the Happening I'm still asking how. How? I mean dammit you can't always win! And so suavely. Sure those wooden middle-aged liberals (why must all liberals be middle-aged?) are: easily lampooned, but gosh can't you just once be graceless? And I don't mean Vidal-shocking situations. Even that was an explosion too elegant for the occasion. Though I didn't see it (*Time* told me, so *quien sabe?* Perhaps it never happened). I would have thought lex talion too tame for that guy! Of course, what does one do with righteous wrath? Pulverize the enemy or simply threaten same, then collect oneself before decocting the total experience for the delectation of the esquires of this world? Who can quarrel? After all, that one piece in *Esquire* did more to shatter Vidal than any hypothetical punch in the nose. Except the latter would have been theatrically more satisfying. But I digress.

Now, returning to my petition. You must, Mr. Buckley, miss. Just once. And with a deftness equal to the dissimulation. I mean don't re-invite Governor Pat Brown types in order to do it! Remember: it must not resemble what it is, to wit a stunt. You have to flop artfully, or not at all. If you'd care for instruction I can refer you to Agnew, whose method is just masterful. You know he is too bright to blunder; yet whenever he "performs" he is always not a little clumsy. And people like that. Because, notwithstanding lofty conservative paradigms, the people are levelers. Excellence annoys them. You know I didn't know that till I read Ortega and counted the trash in the best-seller list. How slow I am. Still, adversity has its moments. Why without the libs—granting more excellence produces fewer of them—who would want us to be conservative? Just think, we have the Fr. Rev. to thank for giving us Burke and, long pause, Nat. Rev. How nice of the Jacobins. But there I go again. Let me wind up and spare you yet another yawn. Once more I entreat you Mr. Buckley to entertain seriously my modest wish, then I'll go away. Actually, the likelihood is less than that you would ever, ever appear on *Laugh-In*. In truth, the one would equal the other. Thank you for at least reading my ruse. Yours sincerely,

Rege Martin, 1313 Pinewood Drive, Pittsburgh

Dear Mr. Martin: We're on. See Laugh-In, next December 28. Best,
—WFB



PARALLEL POWER

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

"This is a kind of civil war or revolution," George Rousseau, a Quebec farmer, told a reporter the day after Quebec Cabinet Minister Pierre Laporte's body turned up in the trunk of a green Chevrolet near the St. Hubert military-civilian airfield. Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau, in announcing an "apprehended insurrection" two days before, was making the same point when he referred to "the emergence of a parallel power which defies the elected power in this country." So, finally, somebody other than *NR*'s editors is beginning to face the facts of contemporary life. "The phase of urban terror has begun. Quantitative change has suddenly become qualitative; there is a quantum jump in the revolutionary dialectic." That is the way we put it in the *NR Bulletin* last spring (March 17). Last week the *New York Times*, finally, got around to writing an editorial about—it was the *Times*' first use of the term—"urban terror."

The acts of the urban terrorists are of course crimes under our as under Canadian statutes: kidnappings, killings, bombings, arson, wrecking, robbing, sky-jacking. But they are also something more than "ordinary crimes," and the actors define themselves as something more than "common criminals." Their deeds are also *political acts*; they are acting not simply as individuals but as members of a political "movement," party or army; and from its own perspective this movement or army is not "breaking laws" but fighting by what it judges to be suitable means for a political goal.

The duality between ordinary crime and revolutionary struggle is a pervasive feature of our century. The relationship between the two is dialectical; it is impossible to determine in the abstract at what exact point a gang of common criminals becomes a revolutionary army. In practice, Prime Minister Trudeau concluded that with the kidnapping of the

British diplomat, James Cross, and Pierre Laporte, the Quebec Liberation Front (FLQ) had crossed the line. He then put into effect measures following from that conclusion.

Crime and Revolution

The difference here is crucial because the measures used in combatting ordinary crime, no matter how effective for that purpose, are altogether inadequate for dealing with a revolutionary organization that has shifted into a phase of violent activity. Even if the revolutionary organization is small, combatting it has many of the characteristics of a war—a literal war, not one of our phony wars against poverty, drugs, litter and what-not.

Two features of the normal anticrime methods of a democratic society make them ineffectual against revolutionary organizations. On the one hand, crime is comprehended as the deliberate act of a responsible individual for a specific purpose ("intent") of his own. An immense array of rules is elaborated to protect all the rights of the individual, and to make triply certain that the alleged individual criminal has in truth acted deliberately to violate the prescribed statutes with criminal intent. On the other hand, *political* speech and action are normally interpreted—and protected—as the proper exercise of the democratic rights of free speech and free assembly.

The revolutionists are thus able to shield themselves under the protective cover of both the juridical "rights of the accused" and the political "right of dissent." It should be added that the United States has extended both the juridical and political rights to the furthest point ever reached anywhere.

In a war, however, you don't go to court for a search warrant before breaking into an enemy installation, or presume each enemy soldier innocent until proved guilty, or grant prisoners immediate bail, or make sure that a lawyer

is present before beginning an interrogation, or publish the enemy's books and provide him a public forum to conduct his psychological warfare and instruct his agents. In a war, moreover, you are not fighting individuals but a collectivity, the enemy army; far from condemning each of the enemy soldiers as "guilty," you may much admire them even as they are trying to kill you.

Doubtless it isn't exactly a war yet, but it isn't, either, exactly peace. Significantly enough, it was the *War Measures Act* that Trudeau invoked, and in relation to the FLQ the rules of war, up to a certain point at least, thereupon replaced the rules of peace.

When Is An Outlaw?

The *NR Bulletin* continued, last March: "We are beginning to get the payoff on those dreamy opinions concerning the rights and privileges of accused, defendants and criminals that the Supreme Court deduced from liberal ideology over the past twenty years. Those opinions . . . make it very difficult to deal effectively with ordinary criminals. They make it impossible to deal with urban terror. Stopping urban terror, requires the extensive use of informers, every sort of concealed surveillance, the speediest kind of follow-up actions, preventive detention and denial of bail in many cases, coordination of local and national enforcement, intelligence and security agencies, and the outlawing of both the terrorist groups and their political cover organizations."

It is a remarkable proof of how thoroughly we have been brainwashed by the anti-McCarthy generation that not a single candidate in this year's country-wide election, Republican or Democrat, left or right, conservative or liberal, not even James Buckley, has been willing to propose what scores of them unquestionably believe called for: the outlawing of Weatherman and the Black Panthers. No doubt we're all waiting until William Rogers or Melvin Laird is snatched. □

*Is the age of miracles over? Can a conservative
third-party candidate win election to the U.S. Senate in New York?
It's the hottest election of the year, says the author,
and James Buckley could pull it off*

'Hi, There! Your Next Senator...'

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

YOU STAND on an island in a shopping center somewhere near Anonymus, Long Island, squinting into a sudden October sun, and they are all the same, you reflect, they are all the same. If you have seen one candidate in a shopping center, as Mr. Agnew said of the slums, you have seen 'em all. And if you have watched enough candidates on stage, you know the libretto by heart: In another thirty seconds a chorus line of sailors will come bursting in, and here will be Nellie—vote for Nellie Forbush—singing "I'm Gonna Wash that Man Right outta My Hair" while the sailors roll their eyes and the band plays on.

This is the way these musical comedies are played, by the book, by the script, as if each glorious grand finale were routed by Green Pastures through the streets of Revelation: God's own Universal Sound Truck, with the same impassive driver at the wheel, followed by advance men, swarmed upon by girlish cherubs followed by The Candidate, and trailing at the rear, the press. If it is something less than equinoctial, as processions go, it is not too bad.

So it was three weeks ago, on a Saturday in Lon Guyland, when James Lane Buckley, 47, took his campaign to the people. God's own Universal Sound Truck went out first. (It is a part of these divine mysteries that the same identical sound truck, driven by the self-same gloomy driver, was at that same moment in motion in 24 states of the Union; I do not explain these minor miracles, I report them only.) Sprinting behind the sound truck, waving a walkie-talkie, was Pete Gallagher, advance man; it was the same sprint, I tell you, and the same walkie-talkie, of Frank Mankiewicz with R. Kennedy in Wilkes-Barre in 1968. Then the school of tropical fish, red-skirted, their unpinned ribbons rippling



bright as pennants; this time they are Buckley Brats, but I have known them all before. They were Nixonettes then, and Muskie Misses; they were Humphrey Honeys and Wallace Girls. Same freckles. Same pigtailed. Same straw hats.

"Hi there!" cries the sound truck. "Your next United States Senator, James L. Buckley, is paying a visit to this area. He'll be here in just a few minutes to meet you. Let's give a good reception and a big hand to your next Senator, Jim Buckley!" Martial music up.

Et voilà. The gentleman is right on cue. So you stand on the curb at Anonymus, eye-balling the star with the *Times*, the *Daily News*, the Lon Guyland Press, and a diffident lad from the candidate's own staff.

"He's terrific," says the diffident lad.

"He's doing quite well," says the good, gray *Times*.

"He oughta go over and meet that bus," says the grumpy *News*. "Hit 'em when they get off."

"But there're only four passengers." The *Times* is meticulous on details.

"Shake four," says the *News*. "He's gotta shake four."

The candidate moves easily down the sidewalk, showing nice form around shopping carts and strollers. We squint after him in silence. The admiring judgment of the press aide may be biased, but it is not far off the mark. In the political ballgame known as pressing the flesh, Buckley is major league stuff. He falls on the outstretched hand like Berra charging a bunt. He smiles good, like a candidate should. The fellow has class. And the thought begins to take root that this race in New York is not quite the same after all. It is the hottest senatorial election in the country, and it promises to provide, on the night of November 3, the most exciting show in town.

Blue-Plate Special

James L. Buckley was born in New York City, March 9, 1923, the fourth child of William Frank and Aloïse Steiner Buckley. He is two-and-a-half years older than younger brother Bill. They are not look-alikes (Jim is crew-cut and shorter), nor even act-alikes, but the affinity comes through. Both of them have the same way of standing, arms akimbo, hands on the fanny, the torso tipped attentively forward; and both of them have the same springboard cadence in their speech—the quick dash and the slow swan dive: "Thuswecanonly specu-late. . . ." Jim has rather less of the Cyrano strain; he proposes to skewer the Honorable Charles Goodell, but not, as brother Bill might try it, in rhyme.

Educated as a boy in France and Eng-

land, and at the Millbrook School in New York, Jim Buckley was graduated from Yale in 1943. He spent three years as a Naval officer in the Pacific, participating in the invasions of Leyte, Lingayen and Okinawa. In 1946 he returned to Yale, this time to take a law degree. After four years of private practice, he joined the Catawba Corporation as a vice president and director. That same year he married the former Ann Frances Cooley of Rye; the family now includes five sons and a daughter, ranging from Peter Pierce, sixteen, down to Andrew Thurston, seven. They live officially on Sutton Place South in midtown Manhattan, but Buckley's work with Catawba—the firm provides technical and financial services to petroleum and mineral exploration companies—takes him all over the world, and the family is mostly home in Connecticut.

The Buckleys and the Kennedys have this much, at least, in common: They comprise a closely knit and loving family, fiercely loyal, exhaustingly athletic, and they are forever going or coming from somewhere. Jim is perhaps the only senatorial candidate in history who can claim some modest fame as an authority on the musk ox, an enthusiasm he developed during expeditions to Greenland and the Canadian arctic. Just before the current campaign began, he took off two weeks for a flying run to the Middle East and Southeast Asia. He returned with a thick book of interviews and a poster photograph of Buckley open-shirted with the troops: "Vietnam? He's been there. He knows the score." This may be ham; it may be corn; but it is every candidate's blue-plate special. It is part of the old charisma. The Kennedys went open-shirted too.

First Time Out . . .

Buckley's expeditions into the political wilderness began in 1965, when he managed brother Bill's supremely unsuccessful campaign for mayor of New York City. In 1968, when the fledgling Conservative Party was flexing its wings, he cheerfully agreed to play floor mat to Republican Jake Javits. The Senator, as expected, walked all over him, but the unequal contest produced this astonishing result: Buckley polled more than 1.1 million votes. He ran a highly respectable third behind Democrat Paul O'Dwyer; and he established the Conservatives as a solid force on the New York scene.

One of the significant differences by which 1970 may be distinguished from 1968 is that Javits was unbeatable two years ago. The gentleman is a consistent Republican liberal; he does his homework; and he holds the affectionate respect of voters across the state. In the eyes of New York, Javits is the Mets, the Jets and Saturday night on Broadway; he is fresh bagels and sour cream; he is dinner for two at Le Pavillon. To contemplate his homely visage, creased like a leaky football, you might doubt that Senator Javits could rank as a loved institution. But he does.

Then Came Spiro

Senator Goodell, by contrast, does not. Neither can Richard L. Ottinger, the attractive but undistinguished congressman who is running as the Democratic and Liberal candidate, qualify for a rating among the immortals. The two of them dwell in the political foothills of Olympus, down in the midtown traffic. In this three-way race, Buckley is fairly matched. He is handicapped, to be sure, by the heavy weights of an inexperienced organization that every third-party candidate must lug in his saddle, but these are not necessarily decisive. Goodell and Ottinger are the Bobbsey Twins in Liberal Land. They echo the same lib line. Buckley is something else. He may not be a household word (though he is gaining fast in voter recognition), but for independents, moderates, conservatives and old-fashioned Republicans, he offers the only game in town.

Goodell is especially vulnerable. Oddly, he and Buckley have had several common interests. Goodell is three years younger, but they are both March children, born under the sign of Pisces. Both are Yale Law, both served in the Navy, both married New York girls, both have five sons, and until the summer of 1968, when Governor Rockefeller named Goodell to the Senate seat left vacant by the death of Robert Kennedy, both would have been rated "conservative" on any political scorecard. Surely Goodell was so identified by the Washington press. He had come to the House in the spring of 1959, following the death of the late Dan Reed, to represent New York's 38th Congressional District—a strip of five reasonably rock-ribbed counties along the Pennsylvania line at the far western tip of the state. He established a reputation over the next nine years as a reliable Republican, well

to the right of the middle of the road. He was cruising straight on course when Kennedy went to Los Angeles that awful night.

Came the senatorial appointment, and the good ship Charlie Goodell spun 180 degrees to port. This shift was apparent to New York voters—apparent, indeed, to anyone capable of holding a wet finger to political winds—long before the Vice President of the United States pronounced anathema four weeks ago.

Agnew laid down his first barrage at Salt Lake City on Sept. 30th:

Earlier today, I was asked if I would support a member of the radical liberal clique who is running in New York as a Republican.

I made clear that I will not support a radical liberal no matter what party he belongs to. I may not be orthodox, but I am consistent.

The Republican Party embraces a broad range of political viewpoints, as I have often pointed out in my speeches, and I have no trouble supporting Republicans who have different political views. But what I believe, and believe strongly, is this:

When a man consistently opposes a President of his own party on the greatest issues of the day; when a man makes public opposition to all his party stands for a major article of his political faith; when a man also goes out of his way publicly to reject support of his President that has not yet been offered; when a man attempts to curry favor with his party's leading adversaries by gratuitous attacks on many of his fellow party members; then I think that man has strayed beyond the point of no return.

The Vice President lofted in a few more shells from the Far West. At Pittsburgh on October 6, in the course of a speech extolling the merits of Senator Hugh Scott, he praised the uses of diversity within the Republican Party. There was abundant room, he said, for men and women of widely varied political views.

Well, then, I suspect some may be thinking, how can I make such assertions on the very heels of what has been described as my political excommunication of Senator Charles Goodell of New York last week?

The answer is very simple. Since early 1969 Senator Goodell has sought flamboyantly and ceaselessly to openly divorce himself from our President and from the Nixon Administration. Ever since being named to the Senate to fill a vacancy, he has gambled his political future on public conflict with his own party and his own Administration. I say

this: When anyone—of *either* party—constantly disavows, incessantly upbraids, and wages war on his own President in every major issue area, he consciously alienates himself from his party, and thereby forfeits a right to his Administration's support.

After that, Mr. Agnew tossed moderation to the winds. By October 10, he was referring to Goodell as the "Christine Jorgensen of the Republican Party."

The Senator responded to the Vice President's turncoat gambit with the carpetbagger ploy: "Do you want anyone from outside to tell you how to vote? Do you need Spiro Agnew to tell you who should be your senator?" He charged, with much truth, that the Vice President was trying to purge him. He said Mr. Agnew was "attacking the very basis of democracy." And he described the Vice President as possibly more dangerous than the late Joe McCarthy.

These are classic responses, of course, as familiar to political bridge-players as the Stayman Club Convention. The pillow fight had three effects, however, on the New York campaign: It helped Goodell, if only by getting his name in the papers, where it had not been seen lately; the attack helped Buckley, by making implicit the Administration blessing that earlier had been only tacit; and it probably hurt Ottinger by impelling some independent knee-jerk Agnew haters away from Ottinger and into the Goodell camp. This kind of polarization has its merits.

The Strategy

Warmly as the Buckley forces have welcomed the Vice President's gentle encouragement, their main concern is not Goodell. The principal target is Richard Lawrence Ottinger, Democrat of Pleasantville, age 41, heir to a plywood fortune. The gentleman is a graduate of Harvard Law, an Air Force captain, father of four, and a former regional director for the Peace Corps. He holds impeccable liberal credentials, right down to membership in the American Civil Liberties Union. His official biography notes membership in three Golden Retriever Clubs, which perhaps gives him one up on the musk ox. Ottinger is winding up his third term in the House from the 25th (Westchester-Yonkers) District. No one at Buckley headquarters underestimates his political appeal.

Yet Ottinger has his vulnerable points.

A virtual unknown, outside his district, he dumped \$2 million into his primary campaign against Ted Sorensen and Paul O'Dwyer. Most of the fortune went into television commercials: "Ottinger Delivers." He expects to dump another million and a half into the general election race. Even in New York, and even in a time of inflated campaign expenses, this is heavy sugar. The very lavishness of Ottinger's campaign is beginning to be counterproductive.

Buckley's savvy campaign manager, F. Clifton White, has thrown a few light jabs at the Ottinger warchest ("Ottinger's Mother Delivers"), but Buckley's own campaign will cost just under a million and there is no desire to belabor the point. In any event, the New York race is not being waged on personalities or peripheral matters. To a remarkable degree, this is a contest of issues, images and political philosophies.

White wants it this way. Though he is best known as master strategist of the Goldwater nomination in 1964, White is an old pro in New York politics. His Republican Party credentials include service as Republican city chairman in Ithaca, member of the Republican State Executive Committee, and former president of the New York Young Republicans. His encyclopedic knowledge of the state, coupled with his great popularity among party leaders, are among Buckley's biggest assets. And White is convinced that 40 to 45 per cent of New York's voters—enough to win in a three-way race—are ready to opt for the moderately conservative view. The trick is to get these voters to the polls, ready to put an X by Buckley's name, on November 3.

You will find White, if you search him out, in the ordered chaos of Buckley Headquarters at 38th and Madison in New York. In times past, both Bobby Kennedy and John Lindsay ran successful campaigns from the same building. For Buckley's uses, it has been redecorated in unabashed red, white and blue. The candidate's campaign symbol is the flag itself. The place is hung with bunting.

When I came to call, the campaign still had 32 days to go. White had been living that day, as usual, on warm Coca-Cola, but he seemed in perfect health. The boss long ago endeared himself to reporters by the brevity and the candor of his answers. How was his boy doing? White said that Buckley was six to eight points behind Ottinger in the polls, which was a little better than he had

expected at this point, and he wasn't unhappy about it. What did he need? Money. What else did he need? Organization, especially upstate. White pointed to the 33rd District, down around Oswego, a traditionally conservative district. If he could only get Buckley better known in the 33rd, and get some effective organization in Broome, Chemung, Tioga and Tompkins counties, Buckley could win a clear majority there. Money for TV, and hands to do the work—those were the keys.

I had heard that 75 per cent of New York's Republican committeemen were at least privately for Buckley. What about open endorsements? White beamed over his bow tie. John Marchi, Republican candidate for mayor against Lindsay in 1969, had come out for Buckley. So had Mario Procaccino, Democratic candidate in that same race. And while Marchi's testimonial might be discounted as a consequence of his grudge against Goodell,* Procaccino's support would carry substantial weight. For the first time in the history of New York City, both police and firemen had gone outside the traditional two parties: They were openly boosting Buckley. Dozens of members of the New York Legislature had plumped openly for Buckley. The endorsements looked very good indeed. By late October, 24 newspapers had endorsed Buckley, including the *Daily News*, New York's biggest paper. The *Times* came out for Goodell, a distinct blow to the Ottinger camp.

White was hoping for 40 to 43 per cent of the expected six million votes. Where would he get it? In the suburbs, especially on Long Island and in Westchester; upstate; and while no one expected Buckley to run first in New York City, he wouldn't run third there either. Buckley would do well with organized labor, reflecting his hardhat appeal. Women like him and respect his good manners; the girls were working for him. The "youth vote," whatever it amounts to, would be divided, but New York's Young Republicans are throwing energy statewide into the Buckley effort. Per contra, the candidate would do poorly among blacks, and he could not be expected to make much of an inroad on the Jewish vote, yet even in these precincts Buckley wouldn't be zapped. "Thousands of minority voters are just

* The Republican senator, who votes in upstate Jamestown, did a little carpetbagging of his own in the mayoralty race, when he urged New Yorkers to vote for Liberal Lindsay instead of Republican-nominee Marchi.

as concerned as suburban voters about the issues Jim has dwelled on hardest—drug abuse, crime in the streets, campus unrest, environmental improvement.”

This concentration on issues has characterized the Buckley campaign from its outset. His manifest purpose is to develop a clean contrast between his views and those of the Bobbsey Twins. Thus, when Ottinger and Goodell were denouncing the Cambodian venture, Buckley was at pains to praise it. His opponents are identified generally with the copout position on Vietnam; Buckley wants out of Southeast Asia too, but on an orderly schedule to be fixed by the President. Goodell recently won an absolute goose-egg in the scorebooks of the American Security Council: Over a fifteen-month period, he had voted against the Administration on ten out of ten roll calls dealing with major questions of national security. For his own part, Buckley demands military forces “adequate to meet any possible threat to national security and to national interests.” He is pro-ABM, pro-Navy, and he is ready to do whatever has to be done in the Middle East, both to keep Israel secure as a sovereign nation and to prevent a Soviet hegemony.

The Issues

On domestic questions, Buckley has taken a solidly conservative line. In speaking to the problem of campus disorders, an unusually touchy issue in the intellectualized groves of New York, he has made all the usual genuflections to

academic freedom, peaceful dissent and honest criticism, but he has thumped hard on the theme that “the primary responsibility for peace on our campuses rests with campus officials.” He has denounced the tendency of “weak and indecisive officials to romanticize the radicals,” and, without mentioning his opponents directly, he has blamed much of the disorder “on the failure of some leading citizens to denounce militant and radical groups.” If the shoes fit, his adversaries can walk around Buffalo in them.

Buckley on gun control is right down the sights of the National Rifle Association. His object is “to punish the criminal, not to harass the sportsman.” Thus he proposes mandatory prison sentences for anyone having possession of a firearm while committing a crime. Such a law, he believes, “would do more to reduce the use of guns by criminals than any laws that Congress can pile up.”

Perhaps it is the musk ox syndrome, but Buckley has devoted some of his most thoughtful position statements to conservation, pollution control and environmental improvement. At the federal level, his idea is to bring all environmental agencies under a single roof, independent of Interior and Commerce, with power to establish standards and to enforce them. In the private sector, he wants to place emphasis on recycling as *the* solution to many pollution problems:

“We need to do more than merely to precipitate the wastes out of industrial stacks and filter them out of waters being

discharged into streams. Under current procedures, these many thousands of tons of waste materials must be placed somewhere, and we are running out of appropriate space to dispose of them. Modern technology has reached a point where much if not most of the industrial wastes can be reused. The same thing applies to the handling of garbage and trash.”

Buckley likes to think upon such things, and to talk about them, and one of the frustrations of his sixteen-hour days on the campaign trail is that so much time has to be invested in shaking hands and raising funds. This was the case that Saturday in Nassau County, when the candidate went out with a nicely prepared statement on inflation. It was nothing earth-shaking, but a lot of work had gone into it. In the midst of the hubbub, Buckley never had a chance to deliver the thing, and his press aide wound up by lugging most of the copies back home.

Both Buckley and White accept these difficulties in stride. Their game plan called for all the TV and upstate newspaper space that money could buy, about \$50,000 in bus and subway advertising, a few strategic billboards, and a nice mix of personal appearances, press conferences, debates, kaffee-klatches and fund-raising cocktail parties. New York’s vote is divided statewide about fifty-fifty, half in the metropolitan area of Manhattan, the other half upstate. A well-known candidate, with established party machinery behind him, can handle the complex logistics. The difficulties that have



troubled the Buckley campaign stem mostly from want of experienced local committees to handle the gut work. The Conservative Party is building such an organization, but it takes time; it takes lots of time—and time is running out.

The weekend of October 2 and 3 was fairly typical of the Buckley campaign. On Thursday night, the first, Buckley had gone to a meeting at the Commodore Hotel of the Grand Council of Columbia, getting a nice boost from Democratic Congressman Mario Biaggi of the Bronx. Biaggi is a veteran police lieutenant, retired from the force in 1965 with the Department's Medal of Honor; he won his seat in the House two years ago. It was midnight before Buckley got to bed.

Friday the second opened with a breakfast meeting with staff, then a news conference, then a couple of hard hours' work on the inflation statement. All afternoon had to be spent in private fund-raising efforts, meetings with White, and discussion of statements for the following week. At 7:40 Buckley turned up at the Holiday Inn on West 57th Street, where some three hundred supporters had gathered for a cocktail reception sponsored by the Committee of the Silent Majority. The event should have attracted twice that many contributors, even at \$50 a head. As a reporter, I know a freeloader when I see one, and there were plenty of freeloaders on hand. The reception couldn't have produced anything very substantial.

But it wasn't bad. The guests were convened in the Inn's Embassy Room—red walls, red ceiling, red carpets: It was like having a drink in a right auricle—with quite a sprinkling of police types and old Democratic pols in the crowd. Buckley came in with wife Ann on one arm and John Marchi on the other. Don Henri's three-piece band (an excellent union outfit, by the way, capable of sounding like six or eight pieces) struck up "Hey, Look Me Over," and Marchi gave Buckley a lively introduction as "the man who retired John Lindsay from politics last year." The candidate, tipping forward, hands on the fanny, spoke for only a few minutes about the campaign: "A lot of money will be thrown into the TV tube in the next four weeks, and it won't be mine—or my mother's." He made the usual friendly pitch for contributions, expressed his confidence in victory, and ducked out after 45 minutes for a private party at which, I learned

later, the Agnew intervention would be discussed until midnight.

At 9 o'clock precisely on Saturday the third, Buckley rolled away from Sutton Place in a rented limousine with press aide Phil McCombs in the jump seat. At 60th and Fifth Avenue, a police patrol car moved alongside at a traffic light. "How things look, Jim?" asked the cop. The candidate smiled, and they saluted each other, thumbs up. "Keep up the good work." It had been an overcast dawn, but the sun broke through, and we moved off to Green Acres Shopping Center at Valley Stream, Long Island. Buckley shook 129 hands, all but nine of them white, twelve of them under the age of six. The Buckley Brats, sashed and straw-hatted, were borne along by balloons. "Hi, there," said God's own Universal Sound Truck.

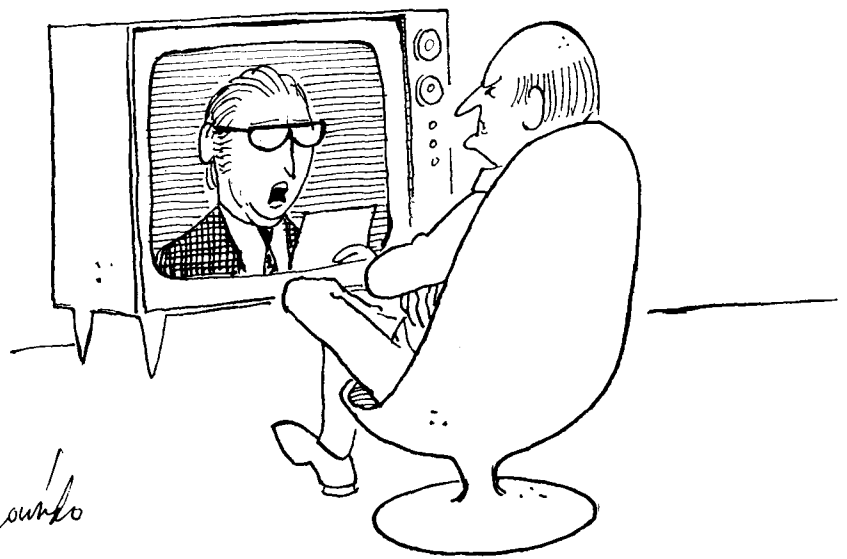
Realistic Prospect . . .

And so it went, by way of Lynbrook, Rockville, Baldwin, Oceanside, Massapequa, Bar Harbor, Broadway, Garden City and Lake Success. Buckley ducked in and out of supermarkets (Anthony Degregorio, meat manager; Joseph Veltri, produce). He patted a Shetland pony, and patted its rider too. He patted two Buckley Boston bull pups. At one storefront headquarters, he cut a chocolate cake, licked the icing off his fingers, and said mmmm-m-m, good, like a candidate should. He talked sense, when he had a chance to talk at all, but mostly he made the appropriate murmuring noises expected of a candidate among

his own people. Off and on, it rained. The school bus carrying the Buckley Brats got lost at Baldwin. The stop at Bar Harbor was a washout: No people there. Garden City was great. Lake Success was better still. There were some Ottinger Tots around, hooting and jeering, but not a button in sight for Charlie Goodell—not a button, not a sign, not a bumper sticker, not even a picture of Goodell in local Republican headquarters.

This went on all day. That Saturday night, after more staff meetings, Buckley went on to a dinner of the Conservative Party of Rockland County at Nyack, and so back to Sutton Place at one o'clock in the morning. He had been on his feet, meeting people, making his pitch, shaking hands, getting advice, and wooing the voters for fifteen hours—and he was still smiling. It is a fair surmise that Ottinger and Goodell worked just as hard that day, and went to bed that night as weary.

In this respect, again, they are all the same. All candidates smile and pat ponies, even Arthur Goldberg; all campaigns are exhausting. What lifts the Jim Buckley campaign is not merely the buoyant appeal of the candidate himself, but also the exciting possibility—more than the possibility, the realistic prospect—that Buckley may win this race. He goes into the final week of the country's most absorbing campaign neck and neck with Ottinger. If his conservative supporters can deliver, it will be just as the Universal Sound Truck says: It will be New York's next senator, Jim Buckley en route to Washington, with a six-year seat on the Republican side. □



"Our representative sample shows 97 per cent support for Mr. Agnew's contention of biased coverage by the media. Obviously, any poll showing such one-sidedness on a question cannot be seriously considered truly representative. Therefore . . ."

The Center Shifts Right

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

IT'S THE YEAR of the conservative in California, a year in which even '68 New Politics types such as Democratic senatorial candidate John V. Tunney try to sound as much as possible like Ronald Reagan. And it's also the year of the dramatic demise of the country's best-known local politician, a man who in many ways epitomizes the dilemma of liberal Democrats everywhere.

"I know how he was killed. Mr. Unruh killed him by dieting away close to one hundred pounds, by renouncing whisky and cigars, by adopting neat suits, sincere ties and a pleasant grin. And, above all, by speaking in public in political clichés."

Thus Art Hoppe, *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist, describes the death of former California Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh and the birth of Democratic gubernatorial candidate Jess. Big Daddy was the Falstaffian Machiavelli who once locked Republican legislators in the Assembly for 23 hours until they agreed to vote on a bill he championed. Jess is the new-look politician in search of an issue waging one of the most futile campaigns in California history.

"You get hurt in politics not in the battles you lose but the ones you win," Unruh once said. "The people you beat never forgive you." And if they're members of your own party, he might have added, their memories are particularly long. In 1966 Unruh began to build a reputation as a party renegade when he refused to campaign for Pat Brown, to whom he referred as "a tower of Jell-O." In '68 he campaigned in the California primary for Bobby Kennedy, then bucked party regulars by backing Gene McCarthy in Chicago after leading the abortive draft-Teddy movement. The hatchet was apparently buried when he returned to California to co-chair the Humphrey campaign. But in October, at Santa Cruz, just when Humphrey was picking up steam, he delivered a blistering attack on the Johnson-Humphrey Administration. The Republicans made political hay out of the Santa Cruz speech and many, among them present Assembly Speaker Robert Monagan, be-

lieve the speech lost California for Humphrey and thereby the Presidency. Now, when big-gun Democrats like Lawrence O'Brien make fund-raising trips to California they avoid Unruh like the plague and speak for Tunney. A recent *San Francisco Examiner* cartoon tells the story. It depicts Unruh as a bandaged, bedraggled quarterback pleading with three aloof running backs—Hubert Humphrey, LBJ, Harry Truman—who watch him disdainfully: "Wouldn't ANYONE like to block for me?"

No Issues!

With no organizational support, Unruh tries to take his campaign to the people. But there are few people to take it to. Unruh passionately courts the blue-collar voters, many of whom are worried about California's high (7 per cent) level of unemployment. But working men are even more worried about crime and campus unrest, and Reagan staked out these issues long ago. In California, where Democrats outnumber Republicans four to three, a blue-collar worker typically registers Democrat but votes conservative Republican, almost as if a new party—perhaps a Republiconservocrat party—had been formed. And Unruh has not helped his own cause by attacking the AFL-CIO for racist policies in the high heady days of the New Politics. "Our local will go for Reagan about seventy-thirty," says an Oakland carpenter who has always registered Democrat.

Unruh is also in unexpected trouble with minorities, the most important of which in California is the Mexican-American, the old Kennedy constituency. But in September Unruh was stunned when the Mexican-American Association gave its endorsement to Ricardo Romo, a San Francisco State professor. Romo intends to unite all Chicano groups under the banner of a new party, La Raza Unida. This will cut into Unruh's strength. In the June primary he carried 22 districts in the large Mexican-American barrio of eastern Los

Angeles. And finally, to add insult to injury, Romo is also the candidate of the Peace and Freedom Party, an organization whose '68 Presidential nominee, Eldridge Cleaver, drained off many normally liberal-Democrat academic votes.

Unruh is a candidate without significant support. And he is also, like so many of the old Kennedy Jacobites, a candidate without an issue. Reagan owns the issues. Medi-Cal, a billion-dollar-plus California version of Medicare, is a mess. Unruh tries to blame Reagan. But it boomerangs, for Reagan dislikes the program and wants to turn it over to private insurance companies. And Medi-Cal is, after all, Big Daddy's baby. "Ever since Mr. Unruh as Speaker passed that thing a year before I came to office, and dumped it in our laps, ever since then it's been in trouble," says Reagan. "I'm delighted the father of the illegitimate child that was left on my doorstep is willing to take some responsibility for it."

Unruh tries tax reform, but Reagan points out that his extensive tax-relief bill fell one vote short of the required two-thirds majority only because of Democratic partisanship. "I have not bargained and I do not make deals. Maybe if I did we'd have a tax program," says Reagan, who promises, when re-elected, to make tax reform "our first order of business."

Unruh tries campus unrest, sounding at Berkeley like Hayakawa as he advocates police on campus and promises to give the boot to students and faculty caught staging confrontations. "It's time to stop pussyfooting around," he tells the Commonwealth Club. But that was Reagan's line four years ago, and Californians remember that a few months ago Unruh was championing Angela Davis.

On other issues, such as widespread welfare chiseling and busing for integration, Unruh is silent. (Busing is potentially the most explosive issue in California. The mammoth Los Angeles school system has been ordered to integrate completely by September 1971. The legislature, in response, has passed the nation's toughest anti-busing law, and Reagan flatly says that total integration is impossible. Reagan, like Nixon, favors improving neighborhood schools.)

Because he owns no issues, Unruh attempts to invent new ones. And this accounts for the desperation that characterizes his campaign, a curiously tasteless campaign in which everything seems

to go wrong. There was the charge made in Fresno that a North Carolinian agreed to donate a chunk of money to Reagan if the man's son, Earl Brian Jr., were appointed head of Medi-Cal. Brian Jr. was appointed. But, as was discovered later, Brian Sr. died in 1950. Then there was the Henry Salvatori fiasco. Unruh stood in front of Salvatori's home and accused him of being one of "the big money men" who own Reagan. But Salvatori unexpectedly showed up, took over the TV cameras, and upstaged Unruh by calling him an "ass."

The big money issue seems not only manufactured but incongruous, coming as it does from the man who once said: "Money is the mother's milk of politics." And the irony is not lost on Reagan. "The fact that he's lost the taste for mother's milk doesn't bother me in the least," quips Reagan. "He keeps challenging me to a debate. I don't know why. He's running against Henry Salvatori."

Reagan, running far ahead, continues to pick up support from unlikely sources. Shortly after an endorsement by the *Los Angeles Times*, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, California's most important ultra-liberal paper, came out for Reagan. A stunning endorsement, almost as startling as if the *New York Post* were to come out for James Buckley. After praising Reagan for his accomplishments in office, the *Chronicle* concludes: "A man of great personal sincerity and earnestness, Reagan has a style and approach to public issues that most people seem to agree with. He cuts an impressive figure as the political leader of California, and the polls show him to be one of the most popular governors California has had."

Senate Race

The question is no longer whether Reagan will win: it's by how much. Some predict by as much as a million-and-a-half votes. And Senator George Murphy sincerely hopes so, for his best chance for re-election is to be swept along on the crest of a Reagan tidal wave. Polls show Murphy running a bit better than even against Kennedyish John Tunney, son of the former heavyweight champion ("You need a fighter in your corner," says Tunney). But a recent private poll, commissioned by Tunney just after he began his TV blitz, shows him opening a lead. And it may be a valid poll, for Tunney is impressive on TV. ("Tunney has the Kennedy mannerisms and a lot

of phony TV advertising," says Peace and Freedom candidate Robert Scheer, who calls Tunney "a trick-bag liberal" who "wants to be all things to all men.")

Murphy is a prime Democratic target in November. George McGovern has sent out a fund-raising letter lamenting the "few opportunities to gain new seats for progressives" this year. The only strong possibilities McGovern mentions: Adlai Stevenson III and John Tunney.

Tunney is a one-issue candidate, and his campaign is pitched at the blue-collar worker. In speech after speech he hits the state of the economy. Murphy is a Nixon man and the Nixon Administration is run by "economic royalists" who, by practicing "Nixonomics," "deliberately program people out of work." "The Nixon Administration has done a neat trick," says Tunney. "It produced inflation and recession at the same time."

When not on the subject of the economy, Tunney is less sure. Like Unruh, he does his best to improvise (his favorite charge is that Reagan will replace Murphy in the Senate after two years and then run for President). Tunney's record in the House of Representatives is not impressive—he was absent nearly as often as Adam Clayton Powell and he

introduced no legislation. And there is something rather simple-minded about many of his pronouncements. When he visited the Channel Islands to pitch for conservation, his most widely reported statement was: "These seals really smell, don't they?"

Right Becomes Center

The biggest thing going for Tunney is obviously age: Murphy is 68, Tunney thirty-six. And Tunney is handsome. But in the end, the outcome will depend on two things: the margin of the Reagan victory and the success Tunney has in living down the New Politics image he cultivated during the Kennedy days. Tunney has become a strong law and order man ("When violence threatens, police should be called to the campus").

As both Tunney and Unruh have belatedly discovered, the tide runs to the right in California this year, and Ronald Reagan, once called a right-wing extremist, now represents dead center. As the *Los Angeles Times* points out in its endorsement of Reagan: "The great majority of Californians are people of the center—moderate, reasonable people, who want pragmatic solutions to real problems." □



"I used to blame it on my deprived childhood and broken home, but now I realize I've been brutalized by television violence, soulless technology and the immoral war in Vietnam."

ELECTION ROUNDUP

*Will the Republicans win the Senate? The Democrats
take over more gubernatorial mansions?
How will conservative congressmen make out?
Mr. Evans makes his usual valiant (and authoritative) guesses*

In Quest of the New Majority

M. STANTON EVANS

IF ELECTIONS were decided on paper, this would undoubtedly be it:

The year of the big Republican breakthrough.

Nearly everything required for Republican success is visible: The power of the suburbs, clearly reflected in the 1970 Census; the splintering of the liberal-labor alliance; the susceptibility of the South to Republican penetration. And, pervading everything else, the angry concern of voters over student disruption and the breakdown of "law and order."

There is another element, however, that cannot be so readily computed, and that generates the feeling that maybe this isn't it, after all: The quality of political leadership. With its constituency stretched out before it for all to see, the Republican Party has been caught up in a terrible uncertainty. In such areas, it has driven forward on the issues designed to bring the new majority to the polls—an enterprise in which Vice President Agnew has been the obvious leader. But in others its presentation has been obscure and faltering, geared to the idea of coopting the wearare-liberal vote of yesteryear.

The confusion is epitomized in the Nixon Administration itself, which one day seems sharply attuned to the new strategic situation, the next bemused by vanished supremacies. Mix in the additional imponderable of off-year voting patterns, in which unfocused resentments are often directed at the party in the White House, and the possibilities for utter randomness in the November outcome are apparent. Will a public upset by taxes, inflation and social disorder make its feelings known by voting *against* Republicans, who by and large oppose such evils? Stranger things have been known to happen.



Adding further spice to the wooing is the admixture of special ingredients. This is, for example, the year for Republican congressmen to run for higher office—no fewer than fifteen of them are trying to ascend to the Senate or the governor's office in their home states. It is also a year marked by personality appeal and political dynasticism, as relatives of famous names and figures from sports and the electronic media contend for public office. Also of interest is the appearance of a rightward "third force" which is bidding for representation in Congress. Put all these elements together, and you have an unpredictable election indeed.

The arithmetic of the balloting is superficially plain. In the House of Representatives, the Republicans need to pick up thirty seats to gain a majority. Few political analysts believe this is likely or even possible. In the Senate the GOP needs seven new seats to gain a

tie and allow Agnew, as presiding officer, to cast the vote which would permit Republican organization. This once seemed a realistic goal, but hardly anybody believes it is realistic now. Given all the uncertainties, a net gain of four or five Republican senators appears to be the plausible maximum.

Such marginal gains are not, of course, to be despised. While organizational control is important, there is little doubt the Nixon Administration would settle for an ideological majority in the upper chamber, and this may be achievable. Crucial issues in the Senate have been decided this year on the basis of one or two votes, and the elimination of a few of the more strident "radic-lib" could tame the liberal bloc and put that chamber in de facto thrall to Republicans and conservative Democrats. The following regional breakdown weighs the likelihood of this occurring.

The Northeast

For the first time since the epoch of George Norris, there is a reasonable chance of the election of a U.S. senator who is neither a Republican nor a Democrat. The candidate in question is **New York** Conservative James L. Buckley, who in almost any other state would be a regular Republican and who has declared his backing for President Nixon (see p. 1154). Pitted against "radic-lib" Charles Goodell, nominal Republican, and Richard Ottinger, Democrat, Buckley is given an even chance.

New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, meanwhile, has been moving up fast in his bid for re-election against once-favored Democrat Arthur Goldberg and Conservative Paul Adams. A *New York Times* survey has the electorate perceiving Rockefeller as a "mod-

erate" to "conservative," no less, and liking him accordingly, although subliminal fear of yet *another* Rockefeller tax increase could upset his effort to get a fourth term in Albany. Of particular interest in House races are the campaigns of Republican-Conservative State Senator Norman Lent, who is capable of unhorsing super-peacenik Allard Lowenstein (Fifth District), GOPer David Smith in the Sixteenth, and Republican football star Jack Kemp in the 39th. A picturesque encounter occurs in Manhattan's Nineteenth District, where Women's Lib Democrat Bella Abzug faces Republican-Liberal radio personality Barry Farber.

Another "third force" possibility has arisen next door in **Connecticut**, where veteran anti-Communist Senator Thomas Dodd is running as an independent against "radic-lib" Democrat Joseph Duffey and "moderate" Republican Representative Lowell Weicker. Dodd is liberal on economic issues but a firm law-and-order man as well as an opponent of Communist intrigue at home and abroad. The combination could prove appealing in this year of shifting party affections, although the orthodox analysis says the Democratic split must benefit Weicker.

Weicker's House colleague, Thomas Meskill, is running for governor against Democratic congressman Emilio Q. Daddario. In this race a state budgetary deficit is thought to spur Meskill's campaign although tradition—Democrats since 1954—works for his opponent.

Elsewhere in New England, potential gains for conservatives are sparsely distributed. Edmund Muskie in **Maine** and Edward Kennedy in **Massachusetts** are considered unbeatable for the Senate. Massachusetts provides two House races of note, as youthful conservative Howard Phillips, an early leader in Young Americans for Freedom, goes against Democratic Representative Michael Harrington of the Sixth District, and Louise Day Hicks, conservative Democrat, is considered a shoo-in to succeed House Speaker John McCormack in the Ninth. Also to be watched is the Third District, where Democratic Representative Philip Philbin seeks write-in re-election against "ultra-extremists" allegedly backing Jesuit priest Robert J. Drinan, winner of the Democratic primary.

Vermont Republicans are hopeful of re-electing "moderate" Senator Winston Prouty over Democratic former Governor Philip Hoff and returning solid

conservative Governor Deane Davis to the statehouse. Representative Robert T. Stafford is considered safe. Over the way in **New Hampshire**, Representatives Louis Wyman and James Cleveland should be among the Republican phalanx that returns to Washington in January, but Governor Walter Peterson, promoter of a controversial tax plan and narrow primary victor over conservative Meldrim Thomson, could have his work cut out for him.

New Jersey has been trending Republican in recent years, and this fact could aid the campaign of "moderate" former GOP state chairman Nelson Gross to unseat Democratic Senator Harrison Williams. Republicans also hope to retain Governor William Cahill's House seat (Sixth District) with State Senator Edwin Forsythe and to pick up additional strength in the Eighth (Alfred Fontanella) and Ninth (Henry Hoebel). An outside possibility exists in the Third district, where 26-year-old Republican William Dowd goes after liberal Democrat James J. Howard. In **Pennsylvania** Hugh Scott, liberal GOP Senate leader, is favored for re-election, while the gubernatorial contest between Raymond J. Broderick and maverick Democrat Milton Shapp is considered close.

Among the Republican congressmen seeking higher office is **Delaware's** William Roth, considered ahead in his effort to succeed retiring Senator John J. Williams. Pierre du Pont IV, of *those du Ponts*, is the GOP choice for Roth's position in the House of Representatives. Down the turnpike in **Maryland**, it is believed Representative J. Glenn Beall Jr. stands a fair chance of defeating liberal Democrat Joseph Tydings Jr., tarred by unsavory allegations from *Life Magazine*. This is a real contest of political dynasties, since Tydings won the Senate seat in question from Beall's father (Tydings' own father was defeated in 1950 by John Marshall Butler). Democratic Senator Robert Byrd of **West Virginia** will be coming back to the Capitol next year, and prospects for Republican House gains in his state are rated as negligible.

The South

Dynastic and "third force" themes converge in **Virginia**, where Senator Harry Byrd Jr. is running as an independent against a liberal Democrat and a "moderate" Republican. Byrd is said to be in front of his lesser-known oppo-

nents. How he would vote next time out on party organization is moot, but there is little question that his return to the Senate would be a plus for conservatives. An outright GOP gain, giving the party a majority of the state's House delegation, is anticipated in the Seventh District, where the Republican candidate is State Senator J. Kenneth Robinson. A senatorial pickup is sought in **Tennessee**, where the GOP already holds down one Senate seat and is trying to make it unanimous. Here Representative Bill Brock of Chattanooga, with an excellent conservative record, has fair prospects of success in his battle with Albert Gore.

In the Tennessee gubernatorial race, Republican Winfield Dunn has an uphill climb against Kennedy-style Democrat John Jay Hooker, while the GOP tries to retain Brock's House seat with State Senator LaMar Baker. There are no similar statewide contests in **North Carolina**, but Republicans have high hopes for Jack Hawke in the Fourth District and Herb Howell in the Third, while attempting to retain their four conservative incumbents. **South Carolina** provides a statewide contest in the gubernatorial campaign of Republican Congressman Albert Watson and Democrat John C. West. The latter is favored but Watson is a strong campaigner. Republicans hope to keep Watson's House seat with conservative State Senator Floyd Spence.

Other Deep South states offer few opportunities for major Republican advance. In a curious **Georgia** election, Governor Lester Maddox, barred from succeeding himself, is running for lieutenant governor, while Republican TV-man Hal Suit takes on Democrat Jimmy Carter for the governor's chair. A House battle attracting national interest pits Atlanta Republican Fletcher Thompson against black activist Andrew Young. As for **Alabama**, the more it changes, the more it remains the same. George Wallace is assured another term as governor while Republicans concentrate on gaining a fourth House seat with former Representative Glenn Andrews of Anniston (Fourth District). **Arkansas** is expected to maintain the status quo, although Dale Bumpers' surprise win in his primary against Orval Faubus could make him a formidable foe for Republican Governor Winthrop Rockefeller.

Florida and **Texas** are the population giants of the South, and each has been giving off Republican vibrations as it has grown in size and national influence. Florida could be the scene of a partisan

although not an ideological change-over as Representative William Cramer tries to succeed to the Senate post of the retiring conservative Democrat, Spessard Holland. The question mark is whether the GOP has recovered sufficiently from the bruising primary fight in which Cramer defeated former Judge G. Harold Carswell and Governor Claude Kirk withstood challenges from intraparty contenders. GOP State Senator Bill Young should retain Cramer's St. Petersburg House seat, and the party hopes to win the Fourth District post with candidate Leonard Wood.

(For the Texas senatorial situation see p. 1159.) In the gubernatorial race, George Bush's running-mate is Paul Eggers, who made a strong bid two years ago against middle-roading Democrat Preston Smith. As in the Senate race, possible abstention by liberal Democrats who don't like the Lyndon Johnson wing of the party could affect the outcome significantly. Conservative GOPer Bill Archer is trying to succeed to the Harris County House seat relinquished by Rep. George Bush, while Republicans also entertain hopes for the East Dallas seat now held by Democrat Earl Cabell and the Wichita Falls seat of Graham Purcell.

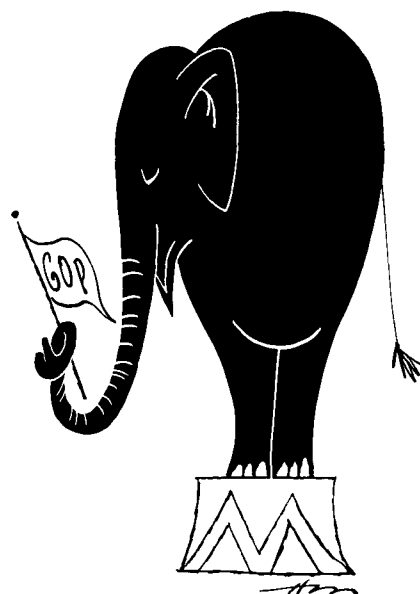
The Midwest

Middle America proper, where seven Democratic Senate seats are in the balance, could decide the composition of the next Congress. At this point the GOP will be extremely lucky to come out of this sector with a net gain of two or three new seats.

Considered a likely turnover is the **Ohio** Senate post abandoned by Senator Stephen Young, octogenarian peacenik. His aspirant successors are Republican Representative Robert A. Taft Jr. and Democrat Howard Metzenbaum, primary victor over astronaut John Glenn. Question marks in Taft's campaign include possible resentment among Republicans loyal to Governor James Rhodes, whom Taft defeated for the nomination, and spill-over from a loan scandal allegedly involving high Republican state officials.

Indiana's Senate contest, on the form charts, should be a classic conservative/liberal face-off, but it hasn't turned out quite that way. "Radic-lib" Vance Hartke is being opposed by Representative Richard Roudebush, a ten-year veteran of the House with an outstanding con-

servative record. But Hartke has been busy disowning almost every salient feature of the liberal program, while the Roudebush campaign has been uncertain in its direction. If resentment against Hartke runs deep enough, Roudebush could take it. House races to watch include the Third District, where Republican Don Newman has been waging a good campaign against John Brademas, the Ninth where conservative Dick Wathen tackles Democrat Lee Hamilton, and the Eleventh, where State Senator Dan Burton is belaboring liberal Democrat Andrew Jacobs Jr. on the issue of "busing."



Pivotal **Illinois** is one of the few states where Democrats believe they can knock over an incumbent Republican senator—the target being Senator Ralph Tyler Smith, appointed to fill the term of the late Everett Dirksen. Democratic challenger Adlai Stevenson III has been rated the favorite but Smith has waged an aggressive and generally conservative campaign. In the various House races, the campaigning of Phyllis (*A Choice Not an Echo*) Schlafly against Democrat George Shipley in the 23rd District has attracted national notice. GOP incumbents, including conservative headliner Philip Crane of the Thirteenth, are thought to be secure.

Michigan provides another dynastic scenario as Mrs. Lenore Romney tries to win the Senate seat of Democrat Philip A. Hart. After a narrow primary win over conservative State Senator Robert Huber, Mrs. Romney has reportedly been trying to consolidate rightward support, but is said to trail at this point.

GOP Governor William Milliken, on the other hand, is considered a slight favorite for re-election. Across Lake Michigan, **Wisconsin** Republicans are trying to boost Lt. Governor Jack Olson up a notch, while liberal Democratic Senator William Proxmire is counted a leader over GOP nominee John B. Erickson. No major changes in House alignments are anticipated in either state.

Minnesota's big story is the comeback bid of Hubert Humphrey, who is well ahead of Representative Clark MacGregor in their race to succeed the evanescent Eugene McCarthy. In its House contests, Minnesota provides a particularly interesting array of radio and TV personalities—including Democrat George Rice in the Third District, conservative Republican Dick Enroth in the Fifth, and youthful Democrat Terry Montgomery in the Sixth. Electronics apart, Democrats feel this is a state where they can pick up an additional House seat or two.

Republicans and conservatives are looking toward **North Dakota**, where GOP Representative Thomas Kleppe is challenging a Stakhanovite liberal, Quentin Burdick, for the Senate. **South Dakota's** Republican Governor Frank Farrar is favored for re-election, but the GOP faces an unusual situation in the House as its two incumbent representatives, E. Y. Berry and Ben Reifel, decided to retire simultaneously. GOP nominees Dexter Gunderson and Fred Brady are considered likely replacements.

Nebraska's conservative Senator Roman Hruska should be returned to Washington for another term, although the opposition of former governor and perennial Senate candidate Frank Morrison cannot be discounted. Governor Norbert Tiemann may be in a bit of tax-increase trouble and is not overly popular with conservative elements in his state. The **Kansas** GOP hopes to turn out Governor Robert Docking with Attorney General Kent Frizzell. **Iowa's** Republican governor, Robert Ray, is leading in his campaign for re-election.

Considered less likely to succeed is youthful **Missouri** Attorney General John Danforth, a liberal Republican highly regarded by the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* but considered a mite too green to replace veteran Democrat Stuart Symington in the Senate. Missouri offers some hope for GOP advance, however, in the House races of John Peters against
(Continues on page 1177)

No matter what happens between now and Nov. 3, Texas will send a conservative to the U.S. Senate.

It's simple: Lloyd M. Bentsen Jr., the Democrat, is a conservative; George Bush, the Republican, is a conservative. The winner, therefore, will be . . . you guessed it. A conservative.

Simple. But not quite. For underneath the surface, things are not all that clear-cut. They are, in fact, pretty well mixed up at the moment. The reason: the election falls during a crucial moment of transition in Texas politics. Times are changing in Texas. Old leaders are fading from the scene; new ones are on the rise. The rural and small-town Democrats who sent Tom Connally to Washington and Coke Stevenson to Austin now live in Dallas and Houston—and a startling number of them vote for John Tower. Few talk anymore of civil rights or labor bosses.

Liberal Spoilers

Meanwhile, the liberals—despite the recent political demise of their folksy paladin, U.S. Senator Ralph W. Yarborough—are flexing new-found biceps. Urbanization and quickening political perceptions of minority groups have helped them achieve, among other things, near-control of the state Senate.

It is an exceedingly complex situation—and a hard one to assess. And the task is made all the more difficult by the élan and fighting spirit of Lloyd Bentsen. By all rights, Bentsen should have had no chance in last May's Democratic primary. Yarborough, his opponent, was a potent and entertaining demagogue. And who was Bentsen? A Houston millionaire and onetime congressman who, despite close ties with the party's ruling moderate-conservative wing, was virtually unknown to the public.

Bentsen started slowly. But just before primary day, he began to catch fire. Agnew-like, he blasted drugs and permissiveness, slashed at Yarborough's record of monolithic liberalism (e.g., support of the Vietnam Moratoria; opposition to Haynsworth, Carswell and the Dirksen prayer amendment)—and, to the surprise of nearly everyone, captured the nomination by 92,000 votes.

Conservatives of both parties were delighted to see Yarborough go. But Republicans were troubled by the effect of Bentsen's victory on the campaign of George Bush, the personable Republican congressman from Houston. Bush, the

son of former Connecticut Senator Prescott Bush, lost to Yarborough in the Johnson year of 1964. And when Richard Nixon asked him to make the race again this year, Bush thought it over and agreed—expecting that Yarborough would be his opponent.

The Bush campaign, therefore, was aimed at Yarborough. But Bentsen's surprise victory left Bush short of major issues to exploit. In philosophy, the two men are quite close. Indeed, as one often-quoted politician might put it, there's not really a dime's worth of difference between them.

And just to compound the confusion, the Bentsen victory did something more, something quite paradoxical: It provided a chance for Texas' underdog liberals to strengthen their position in the Democratic party (where reside virtually all Texas liberals).

The Bentsen-Bush contest allows liberals to assume the spoiler's role. And many of them relish it. Some are already conniving diligently at Bentsen's defeat, for reasons which can best be described as revanchist (Remember Ralph), but which touch also on long-range strategy. Beat Bentsen badly, it is argued, and drive the conservatives out of the party, thus setting the stage for liberal control.

That sort of approach is a bit negative for most liberals, however. It was this kind of thinking that led to John Tower's victory in 1961 when he became Texas' first Republican senator in 91 years. A more popular course, quite likely, will be to go fishing on election day. But even more liberals may follow the example of chieftains like Dallas State Senator Oscar Mauzy, a canny and influential lawmaker, who has pledged allegiance to Bentsen and the whole Democratic ticket. For, popular opinion to the contrary, many younger liberals are not sorry to be rid of Yarborough. The Senator's ego had persuaded him that he was Texas liberalism. Moreover, his populist rhetoric often proved embarrassing. And there is another reason for them to go along with the ticket: Bentsen and Preston Smith, the state's lackluster, if

TEXAS

Where Conservatives Can't Lose

WILLIAM MURCHISON JR.

reasonably conservative, Democratic governor, have bent over backward to win their support.

Bentsen has toned down his rhetoric, talks sympathetically of minority problems, and misses few chances to attack the "Republican Recession." Smith, for his part (he faces a less dangerous rematch with his 1968 opponent, tax-attorney Paul Eggers), gave the liberals unprecedented leeway in helping write a state platform that is anchored no further right than the middle of the road.

In short, Democratic liberals are picking up a varied collection of political IOUs, which they hope to cash in during the months ahead. Smith, if re-elected, will probably acquiesce in a few of the liberals' pet projects, among them a minimum wage hike, a utilities commission, and the eighteen-year-old vote. And Bentsen, as senator, would at the very least feel bound to bend an attentive ear to the liberals back home.

Conservative Dilemma

But would Texas conservatives be better served by the election of Bush? As the state's second Republican senator, he would give a shot in the arm to the Texas GOP, perhaps a sufficiently powerful shot to lure away some of those Democratic conservatives with whom the rule-or-ruin liberals are upset. And there is no doubt that he would enjoy high standing with the Administration in Washington. Bush, along with such candidates as J. Glenn Beall in Maryland and William Brock in Tennessee, is one of the young new Republicans who figure heavily in Republican plans for the control of the Senate. The Administration has worked hard for him, and Republican National Chairman Rogers Morton believes Bush could go "all the way to the top."

Conservative Republicans are solidly behind Bush. But conservative Democrats are caught in a dilemma. Should they desert their party and leave it to the liberals? Or should they stay aboard and repel boarders? □

COUNTERCULTURE OR ANTICULTURE?



PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

The committed revolutionists on the campuses are, by all reliable estimates, a very small minority. Yet they succeed in effectively mobilizing much broader support—not certainly anything like a majority of the millions of college students, but an impressive number. Nor do I mean only on specific issues like Vietnam or the draft or various domestic problems on which so large a part of the intellectual community, young and old, is alienated from the views and attitudes of the American people at large. Rather I mean the more pervasive, less specific, general attitudes which can best be summarized as an over-all hostility, not just to the values of American civilization, but to the values without which civilized life itself cannot subsist.

Granted the responsibility of the liberal teaching of two generations in creating a fertile field for the revolutionists, through the abrasive criticism of tradition that is characteristic of modern liberalism. By itself, however, this is not enough to explain what is happening today. Liberalism with all its negativity always gives lip service to the tradition of reasoned discourse, and sometimes truly respects it. If what is happening today is to a degree the responsibility of liberalism in its corrosion of settled tradition, that is not the conscious goal of liberal thought and action.

But in the chamber swept clean by liberal permissiveness, a new force has entered. The motto of that force is, if I might paraphrase Dostoevsky: If settled standards are swept away, anything goes. It is the motto of what has come to be referred to as the counterculture, that amalgam of dope, rock, scruff, amorality and superstition which thrives on the campuses and in the pseudo-intellectual enclaves of our great cities. To call it a counterculture, however, is to miss its meaning. It is not a counterculture, it is an anticulture, for culture is and always has been dependent for its very existence on civility, on a widespread

acceptance of standards which make civilized order possible.

The hallmark of the counterculture, however, is precisely its principled hatred of civility, its violent opposition at all levels to ordered freedom, to the tradition of rational discourse, to the very structure of civilized life. Above all, it hates the prime characteristic of the civilized man, that internalized discipline which looks with suspicion upon those spontaneous, unexamined emotional reactions we have inherited from our barbarian and animal past. The unexamined life which Socrates found unworthy of civilized man is to the devotees of the counterculture their be-all and end-all. The very jargon in which they express themselves (in those few intervals when they are not using four-letter words or interlarding "like" at every fifth syllable) expresses their hatred of civility.

The constant target of their attack is "middle-class values," a phrase that inquiring analysis reveals to denote the entire gamut of the values upon which Western civilization is founded. Or consider the word with which they describe their substitute for civilized conversation and rational discourse founded on a tradition of hierarchical knowledge—to "rap," a word derived from the uninstructed street exchanges of the rudest elements of society.

It is no wonder that the revolutionists find in the counterculture a fertile field for recruitment. All their preliminary work has been done for them. Understanding of the civilization against which the revolution is directed has been blocked; respect for it, loyalty to it, has been stripped away.

Whatever one may think of the specific components of the counterculture, considered severally each of them has an anticivilizational aspect; taken together (and in actual life these components do go together most of the time), these aspects reinforce each other to make of the counterculture as a whole a formidable attack on civilized values.

It may be argued that dress style is simply a matter of taste; that rock represents an imaginative and skilful development of the musical art; that marijuana is an appropriate substitute for alcohol.

With most of these and similar positions I am in profound disagreement on their own merits. But that is not what I am arguing here. What I want to stress rather is how each of these phenomena drives against the settled order of society, thus creating a potential revolutionary stance that needs only be brought into focus by conscious revolutionists to become actual.

THE STYLES IN HAIR AND DRESS ARE the least dangerous of these phenomena, except insofar as they are consciously directed toward antagonizing the rest of society and insofar as the predilection for dirt and scruff breaks down self-discipline. Rock, with its incessant and insistent sensual destruction of an ordered universe, with the nihilistic impact of so much of its verbal content, "provides the kids," as John Coyne writes in his new book *The Kumquat Statement*, "with their phraseology, their philosophy, their life-style, the ideas and attitudes that motivate them. . . ." Marijuana, addictive or not, physically harmful or not, is celebrated as a mode of escape from conceptual thinking, from the pressures of self-discipline without which civilization is impossible.

Add to this stew the sort of beliefs and myths that pervade the counterculture—the hatred of "the ethic of achievement," the attack upon the nuclear family and heterosexual monogamy in the name of "polymorphous sexuality"; stir in the superstitions that proliferate within it—astrology, phony Eastern mysticism, Satanism. Corrosive of reason and tradition alike, this devil's brew is in its own right almost as great a danger to civilization as revolution itself. What it lacks in dynamism the revolutionists stand ready to provide, for the counterculture is the spawning ground of revolution. □

THE GREEKS referred to them as the "Enchanted Islands." For centuries, scholars toyed with the notion that they might actually be the remnants of Atlantis, because when Europeans first invaded, they discovered a native population to whom boats were wholly unknown; a singular mystery suggesting that these islands were once part of a continental mass.

If (unlikely) so, that happened over fifteen million years ago. The Canaries thrust their volcanic witchcraft out of the wastes of the Atlantic, two and a half hours (one stop) by jet from Madrid, at their nearest some eighty miles west of the scorching Sahara. Inhabitants speak of Lanzarote, one of them, as "La Unica."

She is, stretched out supine in her azure and emerald bed like some strange, even monstrous, Hindu Aphrodite, her 350 or more volcanic peaks and blasted or eroded craters suckling some of the more savage trade winds, which, in season (June 15-July 15), torture, sack, pillage and rape her, whipping up to as much as 40 mph; and bless her with a climate averaging 69°F., sweeping her with a kaleidoscope of sun and cloud galleons that play on her black, beige, brown, gold and magenta lava with the stunning permutations of an Impressionist's palette.

I know of no land of such stark, sheer beauty. Lanzarote is officially a desert. It is a desert. Yet one township alone packs and exports weekly three tons of tomatoes and 25 tons of onions (succulent, the best in the world, commanding premium prices; I chew them like apples). Other townships exceed this production. Wines and tobacco are also exported. This is a desert of incredibly rich crops and in which flowers bloom with such spectacular primary brilliance that their sight stops the eye, grasps it, cannibalizing the other senses in a visual fever. Why? How?

Lava, as we all know, makes rich soil. The problem in Lanzarote is the scant rainfall and the siccative breeze. Settlers solved this ingeniously. They smoothed black lava gravel over their fields. Where the land is exposed to the winds they dug pits for such as grape vines and fig trees. The "picón" absorbs the night's dew. With sunrise, the heating action forces moisture into the topsoil and down to the roots of the plants. During the day, that black gravel cover protects against dehydration. The aesthetic fallout is this: Large areas of the island

seem to be spread with a velvet jeweler's cloth, against which the green of wheat or barley, vine or potato tuft, is of an intensity difficult to imagine; and against which geraniums, roses and other blooms glow like so many gems.

Lanzarote is no more than 35 miles long, thirteen miles across at her beam. Claustrophobia? On the contrary: a sensation of vastness. Here the secret is topography—vertiginous ramparts and cliffs lordly in their domain over a spill of undulating plains that drop from as high as two thousand feet above sea level. Ascend a ridge, and there is another vista, and another—and another. And wherever you go, resplendent under the African sun, or cloaked in the stampede of a flotilla of clouds, other volcanic islands jut up. They seem to stretch from horizon to horizon; with, always, the sea, the great untamed Atlantic, in the distance as blue as Scandinavian eyes; closer to shore purple, green and copper.

My wife and I and our four children, ages ten to eighteen, spent an Easter vacation in Lanzarote. The living is easy: American filter-tip cigarettes 20 cents, Russian vodka \$1.40, good whisky \$2. It's a free port, and cabbies drive Mercedes. There is surfing on the northerly beaches, tranquil swimming on the southerly lee shores. There are now some twenty Snipe-class sailing craft, privately owned. Shortly there will be more (the place is a natural for the Boston Whaler), with marinas and yacht clubs to go with them. Tennis can be played. Two golf courses are planned. At present, however, organized recreational facilities are limited. Four or five years will pass before the luxury tourist complexes are constructed; and meanwhile the beaches are either almost or entirely deserted, and one can skinny-dip with secure abandon.

You make most of your fun on your own: surfing, swimming, exploring the submerged grottos. Camping out. Hiring a commercial fishing smack for the day (\$13 to \$30, depending on its size) to visit and picnic on adjacent islands. At night, if the two discothèques have

closed, there is always the brothel near the military barracks, a most amiable place, where the Madame and her girls have been happy to join my wife and me and gypsy friends from Malaga in *fandangos*. Mostly you fill your eyes (outside, during the day, not in the brothel): on the vast "Fire Mountain" volcanic range, an hallucinogenic moonscape created by the great eruption of 1730-1736, on whose principal summit you eat delicious fish and *patatas arrugadas con mojo* ("wrinkled" small potatoes in their skins, boiled in brine, with a hot, garlic green or red sauce: terrific), cooked in a natural oven that is heated by the still molten magma beneath the crust; or on the twelve kilometers of subterranean volcanic tube, "Cuevas Verdes," with its great galleries streaked by richly colored mineral salts; or on the island itself, the despair of professional photographers, whose constantly permutating gorgeousness defies the shutter. I shot 36 frames of a single hillside: had to. And failed to fix it.

NOW THAT THE INTERNATIONAL airport has been opened, official projections estimate visitors to Lanzarote in the hundreds of thousands per annum by 1975. Will these hordes destroy "La Unica"? Governmental authorities have happily determined to preserve her. The island is zoned. Chief of the Commission of Fine Arts is Cesar Manrique, one of Spain's foremost painters and a native. Only a clutch of high-rise hotels will be permitted, and these concentrated in Arrecife, the capital. The rest of the island is to be respected, with architecture submitted to the charming, almost Palestinian native styles, their walls to be whitewashed only, and a strict balance to be maintained between the volume of construction and the amount of land. For the foreseeable future, Lanzarote is safe. We are building a cottage there. We've bought a pile of land besides. This is a refuge for people who seek peace in surroundings of uncommon beauty, one of the last going. □

DELECTATIONS

Lanzarote

F. REID BUCKLEY

BOOKS ARTS MANNERS

Master Teacher

PETER P. WITONSKI

Writing about the late Willmoore Kendall's books is not an easy thing for any reviewer to do. He was at once the most convincing and unconvincing of contemporary political theorists. This seeming ambiguity lies at the heart of all of Kendall's work. You invariably come away from one of his essays awed by his genius, impressed by his vast knowledge, subdued (occasionally) by his logic, distracted by his unique and generally difficult prose style. You say to yourself, "I am *almost* convinced; I very much *want* to be convinced; but somehow I am *not* convinced." And then you ask, "*Why* am I not convinced?"

There is no easy answer to this question. In truth, you know that you ought to be convinced: Everything is there to convince you, the immense erudition, the brilliant marshaling of facts, the rigorous argument—and, oh yes, the Kendall style. You go away feeling that you have been confronted by a work that is brilliantly wrong—so brilliantly wrong that you have no adequate refutation for its thesis. It is easy to write such a work off as being the product of a perverse genius. But that will not do.

To begin with, the Kendall prose style: those long involuted sentences; the frequent italics; the penchant for the vernacular. The respected liberal journalist Garry Wills (then still a conservative) called Kendall one of the best prose stylists of our age, and then went on to liken his prose to that of the Victorian era. Actually the anatomy of Kendall's prose style is more akin to that of the seventeenth century than the nineteenth. But, really, it is like neither. Kendall, for all his bluster, was a creature of the twentieth century, and his prose is that of modern literature, more Beat than Baroque, more civilized than Beat, not civilized enough to be proper pedagogue (to borrow one of Samuel Eliot Morison's favorite terms). There is an element of Henry James in this prose, but just as you think you're about to confront that element, George Ade, or some other slang-master, comes popping up to scandalize your sensibilities, a sort of counterpoint to professorial eloquence. In the end the prose leaves you almost as unconvinced as the ideas. But in realizing this you begin to grasp the es-

sential Kendall, what the seeming ambiguity is really all about.

WHAT KENDALL IS ALL ABOUT IS *thinking*—thinking about theoretical problems in politics. The device is that of the master professor, the man who by definition professes because he is wise, and is wise because he professes. The failure to convince, the difficult prose, are the essence of this device. In not convincing, Kendall makes you think the problem over again and again. I recognized this for the first time several years ago, when I met Kendall, for the first and last time, in a suburb of Paris, and spent many hours arguing with him.

The man, like the writer, was convincing and unconvincing. That night he spent a good deal of time propounding the general idea behind a book he had been engaged in writing, dealing with the American tradition. His argument was, of course, brilliant. But when I left him I was as unconvinced as ever. As I walked away from his flat I found myself thinking about what he had said. Suddenly I realized that I was thinking about such things as the Federalist Papers and the Declaration of Independence with a new freshness and vigor. I was rethinking them. I still did not agree with Kendall, but in his own perverse way he had taught me a great deal in a

The Basic Symbols of the American Political Tradition

By Willmoore Kendall and George W. Carey

Louisiana State, 176 pp., \$6.00

short period of time about subjects in which I had long since considered myself to be expert. Kendall was a master teacher.

He never finished the book he discussed with me in Paris. However, he did lecture on the subject, and his notes survived. Whether he would have appreciated the publication of these notes—the fragments of a possible magnum opus—is a question. He was a craftsman, and his body of published work was exceedingly small as a result. I somehow sense he would have been happier had the notes been consigned to some convenient fire. Nevertheless they are now published, and I for one am happy to have them. Even unfinished un-Kendallian Kendall is better than no Kendall at all.



Professor George Carey, one of Kendall's pupils, has edited the manuscript, and appended to it his own chapters, which have been strongly influenced by Kendall's thought and teaching. So this book is by Kendall and Carey, and it is to Carey's credit that it is difficult to see (beyond the fact that we are informed that only the first four chapters are Ken-

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dall's) where Kendall ends and Carey begins.

Kendall and Carey have done a good deal of rethinking what they call the "basic symbols of the American political tradition." Which is to say they examine as *symbolic forms* the fundamental ideas of our Republic, searching for an *eidōs* that will shed light on such varied symbols as the flag, the slogan *e pluribus unum*, and higher modes of symbolization, such as the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence etc. Their inspiration comes mainly from Eric Voegelin, whose methodology looms potentially throughout this work. That they seem to have ignored the classical monographs of such writers as Carl Becker (who is mentioned only in a note) and Forrest McDonald, and the important recent scholarship of Professor Bernard Bailyn of Harvard on the ideological foundations of our Republic is typical of the book's strengths and weaknesses.

These writers, one supposes, are far too representative of the state of contemporary political history for Kendall and Carey—or, to be specific, for Kendall—to take seriously. And so Eric Voegelin—a writer not much studied in the American academy—becomes the methodological muse of the piece. It goes without saying that the book would have been more convincing had Kendall availed himself of late developments in his field of study. It would also have been less brilliant, less eccentric, in a word, less like Kendall.

WHAT KENDALL HAS DONE is examine in some critical detail, without as much attention to history as one would like—in the manner of a very good literary critic—a series of crucial documents that help to shed light on the "traditional amongst us." Following Voegelin's dictum, he begins at the beginning, with the Mayflower Compact (in many ways the most brilliant chapter in the book), and goes on to discuss such rarely discussed documents as the Fundamental Orders of Connecticut, the Virginia Declaration of Rights, along with a running commentary on the Declaration of Independence, the Federalist, the Constitution and Bill of Rights.

Much of what he says about these documents has already been stated by scholars in the past. His discussion of such created "myths" as the role of equality in the American political tradition, the role of "the people" in the writing of the Constitution is central to his analysis; and these points have been made by other writers, Carl Becker

RANDOM NOTES

■ OUT THIS MONTH: *Don't Get Sick in America*; by CBS newsmen Daniel Schorr, has an introduction by Teddy Kennedy, authority on neurasthenia, amnesia and *mal de mer* (Aurora, \$5.95). . . . If you're wondering how the Left will get us back to nature, try *The Politics of Ecology* by *Hard Times* co-editor James Ridgeway (Dutton, \$5.95). . . . And speaking of *Hard Times*, it's tough all over. The radical bi-weekly is merging with soul-brother *Ram- parts*.

In *From Trust to Terror: The Onset of the Cold War, 1945-1950*, Herbert Feis holds that we should have chanced a break with Stalin rather than given away Eastern Europe (Norton, \$10). . . . William E. Phipps sets St. Paul and the Evangelists straight in *Was Jesus Married: The Distortion of Sexuality in the Christian Tradition* (Harper, \$5.95). . . . *Five Million Words Later* is the autobiography of Bruce Bliven, in case anyone cares to contemplate the twentieth century through the eyes of a former *New Republic* editor (John Day, \$10.95).

Maryknoll, which raises money for the foreign missions in Catholic churches throughout America, has just published a new book lionizing Archbishop Camara, Brazilian leftist. In case anyone misses the point, Maryknoll follows in March with *The Church and Revolution*, wherein François Houtart deplores the Catholic Church's

among them. The distinction between the Bill of Rights, which was propounded originally by men who actually walked out of the Philadelphia Convention, and the spirit of the Constitution and the Federalist, is striking, but not original. We have seen it all before in one form or another. What then is original in Kendall's analysis? The answer to this question is not easy, mainly because Kendall was not completely successful in doing what he wanted to do—to wit, tie these various documents and problems into the symbolization of an American political tradition. His lack of success is not entirely his fault, since, as I have already noted, he never actually finished his work on the problem discussed.

A tradition is one of the bases of all civilized societies. Societies tend to pass on formed ways of behavior, both political and nonpolitical, from one generation to another. Traditions are either constant, immemorial repetitions of past actions, stressing continuity, or "creative" in origin. The American political tradition belongs to the latter type, and its sanction, as Kendall notes, was

resistance to the radicals over the past two centuries.

■ LOOKING TO JANUARY: *The View from Tower Hill* (Coward-McCann, \$6.95) is the latest novel by John Braine (*Room at the Top*), occasional *NR* contributor. . . . *Timesman* Turner Catledge's memoirs are called, inevitably, *My Life and the Times* (Harper, \$10). . . . Prose stylists will cherish *Dear General: Eisenhower's Wartime Letters to Marshall* (Johns Hopkins, \$10).

Stephen Shadegg portrays *Clare Boothe Luce* (Simon & Schuster, \$6.95). Publisher, incidentally, is billing Shadegg as the author of *The Conscience of a Conservative*. . . . Taylor Caldwell portrays herself in a memoir, *On Growing Up Tough* (Devin-Adair, \$5.95). . . . Dick Gregory's *No More Lies* will set everything straight on "The Myth and Reality of American History" (Harper, \$6.95).

No, Prudence Rain's *Becoming an Unwed Mother* is not a how-to-do-it book (Aldine, \$6.95). But wait. . . . Reporter Robert A. Caro reviews the career of Robert Moses in *The Power Broker* (Atheneum, \$12.95). . . . *China: The Revolution Continued* is more of the same from Jan Myrdal (Pantheon, \$5.95). . . . First time in English: Paul Tillich's political writings from Thirties and Forties, *Political Expectation* (Harper, \$5.95). . . . Help is near: Dr. Berthold Eric Schwarz, psychiatrist, and Dr. Bartholomew A. Ruggieri, pediatrician, proclaim *You Can Raise Decent Children* (Arlington House, \$9.95).

Lockean in origin. The "truths" that the founders accepted as being "self-evident" were Locke's truths: that man could "correspond with the general harmony of Nature," and thus, by using reason (*natural reason*), bring Nature and his own institutions (both political and nonpolitical) together in a perfect harmony. Hence natural law, natural rights, even natural morality and religion.

In the context of the eighteenth century, this approach to politics was not very conservative. Indeed, conservatives in those days were the bitterest opponents of such things as written constitutions. Only a small group of intellectuals, like Fisher Ames and the members of the Essex Junto, objected to the Lockean world view, and these individuals are not mentioned by Kendall. The eighteenth-century advocates of the conservative brand of traditionalism preferred to base their case on the Roman legal concept of *Praescriptio*, long tenure in undisturbed possession, as Burke did in his great work on the French Revolution. To conservatives a nation was not a concept only of local extent, an individual momentary

aggregation, but a continuous, organic body. In Burke's famous phrase, "The individual is foolish; the multitude, for the moment, is foolish."

Although many of our founders were men of the Right, in the context of the eighteenth century, they were not conservatives. Their great genius was that they succeeded in establishing a series of myths, helped by such writers as Montesquieu, that succeeded in doing what many created traditions have failed to do: they invested their "created" tradition with a transcendent sense of the immemorial, which, in fact, never existed. Where Kendall falls flat in his analysis is when he harps on the various contradictions within the tradition, as exemplified by those between the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, the Bill of Rights and the Constitution.

What Kendall fails to grasp has been stated brilliantly by J. G. A. Pocock. "Within tradition," Pocock writes, "there will be dialogue between the non-traditionalist and traditionalist voices with which it speaks, and the pursuit of intimations will involve us in *conflict* and *contradiction* [my italics], in problems of historical, philosophical and methodological interpretation. . . . A tradition may be a turbid stream to swim in, full of backwaters, cross-currents and snags." One could follow Kendall's methodology and write off the founders by arguing that Burke's "prescriptive government," which was "never the work of any legislator," was the only true type of traditionalism. But we will save such arguments for the fundamentalists. Suffice it to say, the documents which Kendall discusses do form a valid "created" tradition, and he has done much to remind us of this.

This unfinished work was the product of a man in the middle of his journey. He was in the process of re-evaluating many of his early ideas, including his interpretation of Locke, which was the basis of his scholarly reputation. He undoubtedly would have liked more time, perhaps ten or fifteen years (he was a very slow writer of books), to fully think out his ideas on the subject. The present work is full of weaknesses (far outweighed by its strengths), but will nevertheless be of immense interest to all serious students of American political thought. They will not be convinced. But they will be forced to think in a rigorous way about problems that are the problems worth thinking about. □

SCIENCE FICTION

The Science Fiction Hall of Fame, Vol. I

Edited by Robert Silverberg

Doubleday, 558 pp., \$7.95

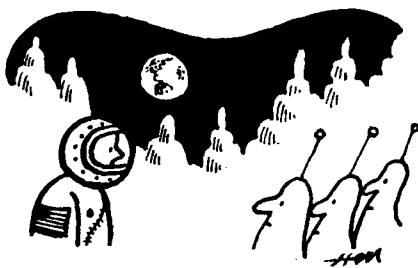
BEST OF THE BEST

THEODORE STURGEON

"This is as nearly definitive an anthology of modern science fiction stories as is likely to be compiled for quite some time." So speaks the editor in his introduction. Selah. Kudos. And Amen.

Not for years has there appeared a collection of stories so remarkable, so profoundly enjoyable, so full (for the cognoscenti) of that marvelous "remember when—" quality, and for the absolute beginner, so rewarding and informative a reading experience.

And for good reason. These stories were initially chosen by the real pros—the members of the Science Fiction Writers of America. They were asked to nominate and vote for the best science fiction stories of the era ending on December 31, 1964. The results would be published in a showcase anthology, and this is it. Arbitrarily, stories over fifteen thousand words would be excluded—we must wait for subsequent volumes.



Just this once I shall list an entire table of contents. If sf is in your blood, this alone will excite you more than any amount of laudatory prose possibly could, and will send you out looking for those beloved friends who have, inexplicably, never caught the sf fever. Here is certain and lovely infection:

"A Martian Odyssey," Stanley G. Weinbaum

"Twilight," John W. Campbell

"Helen O'Loy," Lester del Rey

"The Roads Must Roll," Robert A. Heinlein

"Microcosmic God," Theodore Sturgeon

"Nightfall," Isaac Asimov

"The Weapons Shop," A. E. van Vogt
"Mimsy Were the Borogoves," Lewis

Padgett

"Huddling Place," Clifford D. Simak

"Arena," Fredric Brown

"First Contact," Murray Leinster

"That Only a Mother," Judith Merril

"Scanners Live in Vain," Cordwainer Smith

"Mars Is Heaven," Ray Bradbury

"The Little Black Bag," C. M. Kornbluth

"Born of Man and Woman," Richard Matheson

"Coming Attractions," Fritz Leiber

"The Quest for Saint Aquin" Anthony Boucher

"Surface Tension," James Blish

"The Nine Billion Names of God," Arthur C. Clarke

"It's a Good Life," Jerome Bixby

"The Cold Equations," Tom Godwin

"Fondly Fahrenheit," Alfred Bester

"The Country of the Kind," Damon Knight

"Flowers for Algernon," Daniel Keyes

"A Rose for Ecclesiastes," Roger Zelazny

A short, sharp disclaimer: Though honored to have my name on this glittering list, I must proclaim that I dislike that particular story with some enthusiasm, and always have. But as for the rest—

THE WEINBAUM is in several ways one of the most extraordinary sf stories ever written. When, inexcusably, Weinbaum died young, his auctorial life was only some seventeen months long. He was years ahead of his time in style and approach, and so openhanded with his prodigal imagination that one can find the origin of a baker's dozen of other people's stories in this one eventful tale. Here's "Twilight," with old Nuts-and-Bolts himself, John Campbell, inexplicably a poet! The Heinlein is a landmark, one of the first American social-commentary-cum-prediction stories, now virtually a category of their own. (There's food for thought here, too, on the technology of mass transportation.) And "The Weapons Shop": "The Right to Buy Weapons Is the Right To Be Free"; d'you like that? And there's Judy Merril's first published story to prove for all time that editor/anthologist she may be, but first she was a writer's writer; and a then-seventeen-year-old Matheson's tiny terrible tour-de-force. C. M. Kornbluth (another writer who died unforgivably young) has in "The Little Black Bag" the precursor

of his angry "Marching Morons" (aren't the loiqs and the noiqs outbreeding the hi-IQs?).

And here is religion in science fiction—Boucher's delightful and passionate "Search for St. Aquin" and Clarke's chilling "Nine Billion Names of God," and the Zelazny—but more on that later. And if you like to be terrified, there's the compact Bixby masterpiece and Knight's "Country of the Kind."

Never will words express my appreciation and gratitude for two special stories in this book. Tom Godwin's "The Cold Equations," which could never be called a literary gem, is one of those pivots in its readers' lives after which things cannot be quite the same. In essence a law and order story, it deals with laws which must not be broken because they cannot be, and order which cannot be abrogated without the penalties of an implacable justice. No last-minute cleverness can come to the aid of the transgressor; no wishful thinking can soften the blow. One might do an entire essay on the nature of law around this story and its flawless logic.

Of Roger Zelazny's "A Rose for Ecclesiastes" I can say unabashedly that I cannot read or reread this shining story without being moved to tears. Zelazny at his best—and here he is indeed at his best—has polish, cadence, erudition and a warm humanity matched by very few writers alive. His portrait of a brilliant maladjusted poet, brought for good scientific reasons on a Martian exploration, is full of astonishments. And could this be true—that of the true prophets it can always be said that they don't believe what they are saying? A very unsettling thought.

Buy this book: read this book: give this book. The price is negligible for half a thousand pages of such pleasure, such treasure. □

Roosevelt: The Soldier of Freedom: 1940-1945

By James MacGregor Burns

Harcourt, 722 pp., \$10

COURT HISTORY

M. STANTON EVANS

Professor Burns' second book in praise of the Democratic Roosevelt—a companion volume to *The Lion and the Fox*—attempts to justify American geopoliti-



cal strategy during the period of the Second World War. Readers familiar with the earlier book or Burns' work in general will not be astounded to learn this is court history in the plebeian manner. The author would have us envision FDR as a master improviser who guided the nation through enormous dangers, welding a global alliance in behalf of liberty even as he dispatched, with accustomed *brío*, a host of problems on the home-front.

Since the facts of the case are somewhat at variance with this happy picture, Burns is obliged to tell his story in uneven fashion. He dwells at length on the gossip and the quotidian, while sliding silently past a huge array of materials suggesting that Roosevelt's performance, from the standpoint of American interests, was a disaster. The effect is rather like a photographer's negative: Things which might logically be left in shadow are suffused with light; others that require illumination are consigned to darkness. Only with the most careful scrutiny can we make out the actual features of the subject.

Thus we are told a great deal about Hyde Park forestry, about Roosevelt's romantic involvement with Lucy Mercer, about Fala and about the President's jokes; Churchill's sleeping habits are discussed, as are Hitler's asceticism and Stalin's way of mixing water with his vodka. We are also given reams of data about troop dispositions, naval battles, war production figures and domestic political infighting. The book is fat with these prosaic revelations. What we are not told is what we should most urgently like to know: Why the major decisions of the war were such as to destroy the objectives for which we were supposedly fighting.

Even on Burns' argument, it is clear that Roosevelt's strategy was everywhere self-defeating. The stated reason for our

tough policy toward Japan was that we could not submit the people of China to the despotic rule of Tokyo; the end result was to submit them to the despotic rule of Communism. The specific cause of the war in Europe was the independence of Poland; the effect was to turn Poland over to Stalin. The principal motive for our own involvement in Europe was to sustain the common bond of the English-speaking "democracies"; the upshot was Roosevelt's baiting and thwarting Churchill at Teheran and Yalta to ingratiate himself with "Uncle Joe."

THE BIGGEST REVERSAL OF ALL, comprehending each of the others, concerned the general aims of the war, as spelled out in the Atlantic Charter, the White House declaration of New Year's 1942, and endless speeches by Roosevelt: "To defend life, liberty, independence and religious freedom, and preserve human rights and justice. . . ." Instead of doing anything of the sort, the war and its diplomatic sequel placed more people in bondage to a single totalitarian system than ever before in history. Our policy delivered suffering millions to Stalin and Mao with our explicit blessing.

Generally speaking, Professor Burns does not try to explain or clarify any of this. Much of what was done he treats as though it were self-evidently right: e.g., Roosevelt's effort to get an "incident" that would launch us into the war, the "Atlantic First" approach once we were in it, the obdurate refusal within this context to consider a Balkan invasion to prevent the Communist penetration of Eastern and Central Europe. When he must notice obvious errors, such as "unconditional surrender" or the fact that Roosevelt knew of Japanese plans to attack hours before Pearl Harbor and yet did nothing to alert our commanders, these are put down as inexplicable lapses.

Most often, some ghastly situation created by a previous wrong decision is treated as immutable "fact" requiring acquiescence in the next. The prominent case in point is Poland, cynically handed over to Stalin at Yalta. What else could Roosevelt do, Burns inquires, given the fact that Stalin controlled Poland anyway? Whether this "fact" would have existed in the absence of all the mistakes preceding it is not considered. As for the other concessions made to Stalin—control of Manchuria, Sakhalin, the Kuriles, Port Arthur, two extra votes in the United Nations—Burns relies on the

further "fact" that we needed Soviet participation in the Asian war and that these were required to get it.

Burns does not check out this supposed necessity against the countervailing datum that an offer of the British fleet and air force in Asia five months before had been greeted coldly on grounds that the Pacific war was going well and assistance was not needed. This was before the battle of Leyte which destroyed the Japanese fleet. We didn't need British help before Leyte, but we did need Soviet help after Leyte—so much so that we indentured Poland and China to acquire it. As it happened, of course, the Soviets gave no help at all, declaring war on Japan three days after Hiroshima. Burns takes no notice of considerable evidence that the Asian war could have been wrapped up much earlier and was prolonged chiefly by refusal to give assurances concerning the emperor.

COMPELLED TO OBSERVE DISPARITIES between stated aims and what actually happened, Burns cites the complexities of Roosevelt's character and his unwillingness or inability to relate wartime actions to postwar objectives. There is a grain of truth in this but the grain is a small one. For one thing, it leaves out of the question the fact that elements in and around the government worked overtime to promote the cause of the USSR and the Chinese Communists, and those policies advocated by this group were adopted by Roosevelt and subsequently by Truman. The names Lauchlin Currie, Harry Dexter White, Owen Lattimore and Alger Hiss appear in Burns' narrative, but only in the guise of dedicated public servants.

What seems to have occurred is that initiatives proceeding from such counselors as these were taken up by doctrinaire liberals like Hopkins and Morgenthau, who in turn played on Roosevelt's desire to become a maker and builder of worlds. Roosevelt's vanity and rudderless pragmatism were certainly crucial factors, but to understand how and why they produced the tragic aftermath of the war it is necessary to know as well that he and many of his advisers, hopelessly naïve about Communism, were receiving policy inputs from a number of sources committed to making Soviet and Chinese Communist interests supreme. In the present volume such questions are altogether ignored.

Professor Burns has written an un-

convincing defense of what was done in World War II and has provided us therefore with a doubly lugubrious book. By its subject matter, it serves to remind us of the liberal illusions which produced the ravaged and dangerous world in which we live. By its curious treatment of that subject, it serves to show that many if not all of those illusions are with us still. □

Confessions of an American Scholar
By Simon O'Toole

University of Minnesota, 111 pp.,
\$5.95; paper, \$1.95

DIOGENES IN ACADEME

RUSSELL KIRK

As one who wanders lantern in hand through the grove of academe, how happy your servant is to have stumbled upon the author of these *Confessions*. Our author is honest in everything but his name—O'Toole being a pseudonym. He is a professor of English literature somewhere or other, and he has studied or taught at practically every sort of institution of higher learning in this land: famous and infamous, private and public, white and black, Behemoth U and Dismal Swamp A&M. He abominates them all.

His career, he says, is the usual thing: A scholarship boy, of no remarkable talents but in love with literature, plods through the various levels of the higher learning in America and learns how to advance himself in the academy. After being dismissed from the staffs of various colleges for not having published much, he takes to dry-as-dust research and the editing of a minor poet's letters; thereafter he is a success. In the course of 25 years, he has learned that "there is knowledge which is love, joy and perception, and there is knowledge which is dry, ugly and sterile." The latter is what our colleges and universities approve.

Graduate work at Orlon University (apparently Cornell) was supervised by dull dogs—"morose . . . and empty-headed men who cut Spenser, Pope, Coleridge and many others down to their own size. . . . What lean fare the whole show was! Never once did I say to myself that this was a world I wanted to belong to." By the time he was 34 years

old, and after various false starts, he completed his dissertation.

As a college teacher, in his early years, he found himself indoctrinating stupid students in his own immature political opinion. "I knew that Freud and politics were not my business and that I went to them in part because I had nothing to say about my business." He was supposed to give his students knowledge—that is, inert facts. They cared about nothing else, but they cared little enough for that sort of knowledge, either: yet that is too harsh, for "some of our students were like flowers blooming in the garden."

Those flowers seldom were sprinkled, for the faculty desired only to mold the rising generation in their own image. And what an image! O'Toole's colleagues were "humorless, petty, arrogant and dull men carrying forward the banner of high civilization . . . if I looked beyond the apparent pleasures and progress of freshman English to the sad results of the study of literature—to myself and my colleagues—I seemed to be looking down the road to hell. . . ."

UNLIKE HIS COLLEAGUES, O'Toole tired of exhorting students "to accept science, humanism, existentialism, loneliness and despair." But he was now part of the system. He acquired the art of writing pseudo-scholarly articles for the approved dreary journals; he wormed his way into the textbook racket. After much fumbling endeavor, he obtained grants for study in England; his misadventures in editing the letters of a poet called McPherson are the wittiest part of this book.

As he rose in the academy, he saw through many shams—among them, academic cant about academic freedom. What many of his colleagues were saying, in substance, was this: "Universities exist for clever liars and cheats to have the chance to succeed brilliantly. That is what academic freedom is about, and we don't need bigots coming in to upset the delicate operation." He discovered that the typical professor is Caspar Milquetoast:

"One of my liberal friends told me how some students at his university held a reactionary professor under siege for 24 hours, and it was only after a great faculty rumpus that my friend and others prevented drastic penalties from being imposed on the students. What finally was done? The students were given a research grant to investigate the influ-

ence of the reactionary professor's views—some such topic as that. My liberal friend laughed apologetically and said, 'I know it's not a solution, but what would you do?'

If Professor O'Toole's experiences have not made a conservative of him, at least they have imbued him with a healthy contempt for academic liberalism. He does not think that attending college can turn Negroes white; he doesn't wish to turn them white: "What chance then for Negroes? The ludicrous intelligence quotient of White America? The expertise of dullards? The complacency of hollow men? Black men into imitation white ersatz? Strange conclusion to Negro history."

He offers some suggestions for improving the life of the literary scholar, but he does not expect that our waist-high universities ever will attain to the life of reason. He would discourage women from going to college at all—especially from going to Radcliffe. "Much of my solution comes to this: less education instead of more; less education in the interest of more civilization. What America needs is less knowledge, fewer facts, less professionalism, less skill, less efficiency, less progress."

A man to please Diogenes, my masters. If we could staff one university with such, we would do well to let all other universities vanish in the old miasmal mist. □

THEATER

THE WEST COAST SCENE

W. I. SCOBIE

That Los Angeles is in the midst of a cultural explosion is an article of faith among Angelenos. Haven't they read it in the *Times*? What else would make worthwhile those twenty-mile journeys through the outer wastes of concrete and clapboard and neon, past a hundred horrendous injunctions to taste Colonel Sanders' thighs, merely to attend the first, and possibly last performance of a new all-black musical at somebody's experimental theater, subsidized by the Parks and Recreation Department. (Lots of enthusiasm, mike feedback and everyone standing around in the—dry!—interval saying, Those kids really can dance. Wow.)

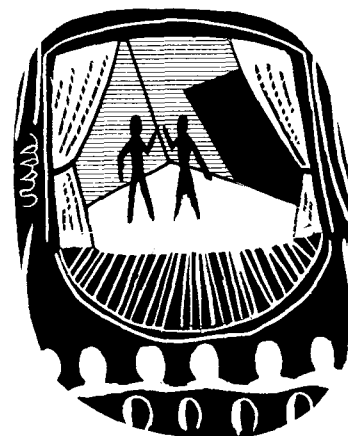
But if Los Angeles has its share of semi-professional showcase productions and tired touring versions of East Coast successes, there is also much important and original work being done. Most of What's Happening happens at the Music Center, the city's glittering monument to art and upper-class munificence. It sits self-consciously on its knoll above the downtown lightshow. Over the parking lot, fat fountains bloop up, lit from underwater like tangerine Jell-o, and in the spacious piazza little plaques record the names of those who made the whole production possible, mostly members of the Chandler family (who publish the *L. A. Times*).

Programs are ambitious and highbrow. At the big, glassy concert hall—the "Dorothy Buffum Chandler Pavilion"—fearsome matings are induced between the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the Mothers of Invention, a rock group. On the heels of Britain's Royal Shakespeare Company comes the still more prestigious National Theater, with Maggie Smith triumphing in Chekhov and Farquhar. But it is at the Center's smaller Mark Taper Forum that the really interesting indigenous work is being done. This is the home of the Center Theater Group, directed by the brilliant and youthful Gordon Davidson. An adventurous season of new plays, most of them world or American premieres, began with Conor Cruise O'Brien's complex study of power politics, *Murderous Angels*. Some were inclined to see this highly personal interpretation of the conflict between Dag Hammarskjöld and Patrice Lumumba as an altogether un-American activity, but it worked splendidly on stage. The drubbing administered to American policy was rather predictable, but O'Brien leavened his polemics with a Shavian wit that pardoned much; and he did give the other side a showing.

ONE CANNOT SAY SO MUCH FOR another first play, by another author better known for his politics than his prose, Father Daniel Berrigan, S. J., whose *Trial of the Catonsville Nine* was staged in the "New Theater for Now" series, and subsidized by that Now organization, the Rockefeller Foundation. Father Berrigan is the poet-priest who was sentenced to three years in jail for leading a raid on a draft center and burning hundreds of records with napalm. He then refused to serve his sentence—it would have strengthened the hands of those committing "immoral and illegal acts" in Vietnam—and went underground. Thus

the play starts with his tape-recorded voice booming out into the darkened theater, assuring FBI agents in the audience that, "Your priest is still free and in good spirits. . . ." Three days after opening night life overtook art once again, and Father Berrigan was arrested.

From the several interviews he gave during his four months as a fugitive, Father Berrigan emerges as a rather sympathetic personality. His self-portrait is less appealing. Thickly falls the propagandistic hail as the actors portraying



Berrigan, his brother and fellow-priest Philip, and their seven friends explain why they *had* to do what they did in Catonsville, Maryland. Nine consecutive sermonettes on the sins of America bring the audience to its knees. It is masochism time again for the liberal conscience: What cheers and gasps greet each new blow from Father Dan's taws! No atrocity is forgotten. *Guatemala*. Ouch! *Hiroshima*. Yaroo! In Hanoi, Father Berrigan was appalled by the bottled limbs of napalmed babies. A young woman, a former nun, tells how the sexual organs were hacked from Trujillo's victims and stuffed into their mouths. (Forgive me, but we are all adults here.) Anne Frank . . . I forget her role. Something to do with the general Naziness of Nixon.

That Christ is on Father Dan's side we know when, after sentence is pronounced, an actor, dressed in groovy Indian vest, leaps from the audience to shout, "You have crucified Christ!" And *exeunt omnes*, confirmed in their respective prejudices, but with a new understanding of what it means to be preached to death by wild curates.

God knows, there is a case against the war in Vietnam; this is not it. And of another side to the question, we are permitted no glimpse; reason has succumbed to rhetoric. As the Negro prosecutor,



Davis Roberts is excellent; the rest of the cast emote valiantly.

But all is forgiven with the advent of Center Theater's new production, West Indian poet Derek Walcott's *The Dream on Monkey Mountain*, a work of intense verbal and visual beauty, and visionary insight. It's also fun. A "quest" play in the Peer Gynt-Camino Real genre (and nearer in quality to the former than the latter), it takes the form of a dream that comes to a drunken old bum, thrown into a West Indian jail. He discovers possession of healing powers, becomes a black messiah cheered by the mob, a wandering knight mocked by a Stepin Fetchit-Sancho Panza, finally a king in a glowing African court. And wakes up on the floor of his cell, taunted by prisoners and guards alike. Along the way Makak (played with elemental force by Roscoe Lee Browne) delves deep into the racial unconscious. He is the archetypal black man in bondage, seeking his soul. In Walcott's dense, poetic text and in the visual images on-stage there is a brilliantly successful marriage of classical tradition and African mimetic-dance elements, two strains that are bound as one into the author's British colonial childhood. And

in the myth of Makak, an ultimately universal figure, there is achieved some resolution of the conflict between black roots and white culture. This is a superb play.

Director Michael Schultz adds song and sweeping, ferociously vital dances that seem to freeze into the mind, as if strobe-lit, like spare, dark wood-cuts. Ed Burbridge's bare prison set magically becomes a moving, misty rain forest under a vast moon. Browne is stunning as the dazed-lion messiah, Antonio Fargas delightful as his sidekick; and Ron O'Neal—who goes backward through evolution in one shattering scene—is quite splendid. On one level, this is a deeply religious work; on another, it's perhaps the most gorgeous spectacle yet loosed on a Los Angeles stage. It won a standing ovation from the first-night audience.

In the fall-winter season, further goodies are promised. They include Mart Crowley's new play *Remote Asylum*; Rachel Roberts in *Rosebloom* by Harvey Perr; Maggie Smith in Coward's *Design for Living*; and the United States premiere of the great success of the London season, Ronald Miller's *Abelard and Heloise*. Los Angeles, it seems, is at last challenging New York's long theatrical dominance. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

REPORT FROM WASTELAND: AMERICA'S MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX, by Senator William Proxmire (Praeger, 248 pp., \$6.95). In one of Disraeli's novels there appears a character named Mr. Kremlin who is described as being "distinguished for ignorance; for he had only one idea and that was wrong." Senator Proxmire's one idea, summed up in the very first sentence of his book, "Military spending in the United States is out of control," is, like Mr. Kremlin's, also wrong. To say that there is waste in the military, as there most certainly is, is not to say that military spending is out of control. But Senator Proxmire does not seem able to grasp the difference. Defense costs increased from \$46.6 billion in fiscal 1959 to \$81.2 billion in 1969, and will decline to \$73.6 billion in 1971. As a percentage of total budget outlays, they declined from 51 per cent in 1959 to 44 per cent in 1969, and will drop to 36 per cent in 1971. Non-defense spending, on the other hand, has risen. Spending for these programs has increased from \$40.6 billion in 1959 to \$92.7 billion in 1969, and will climb to \$119.9 billion in 1971. As a percentage of total budget outlays, the figures are 44 per cent in 1959, 50 per cent in 1969 and more than 58 per cent in 1971. But the whole thing is confusing. What was the "arsenal of democ-

racy" in the early 1960s is now the dreaded "military-industrial complex," or as the Senator refers to it "the monster we have allowed to grow." All of which reminds one of what Kipling wrote nearly eighty years ago: "It's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'chuck 'im out, the brute,' But it's 'Savior of 'is Country' when the guns begin to shoot."

J. D. LOFTON JR.

THE AFRICA READER: *Independent Africa, Vol. I; Colonial Africa, Vol. II*. Edited by Wilfred Cartey and Martin Kilson (Random House, Vol. I, 428 pp., \$10, Vintage \$2.45; Vol. II, 264 pp., \$7.95, Vintage \$1.95). The joint editorship of this two-volume reader represents not a collaboration but a disjunction. Dr. Wilfred Cartey of Columbia University's African Studies Institute would seem to be totally responsible for the selection of, and the introduction comments on, the readings in *Independent Africa*, while Dr. Martin Kilson, Professor of Government at Harvard, seems solely concerned with the editing of *Colonial Africa*. Dr. Kilson is a first-class scholar and his selections bear vividly on the focus of the volume, "those institutional changes that have been basic in shaping political relationships and power in modern Africa." In the four parts of the *Reader* (Reactions to Conquest; Methods of and Adaptations to Colonial Government; Emergence of the Masses; Elite-Mass Nexus: Formation of National Institutions) he has assembled highly pertinent and extraordinarily informative passages from black and white scholars. In sharp contrast is Dr. Cartey's propagandistic approach in *Independent Africa*, with heavy emphasis on utopian visions (some not without power and even beauty, like the writings of Aimé Césaire, Léopold Senghor and Frantz Fanon) or leftist wordiness and the fire-breathing bombast of "freedom fighters" (writers like Nkrumah, Nyerere, Oginga Odinga, Mondlane, Lumumba, Mandela). Notable exceptions are the passages from an older group of writers (Hayford, Kenyatta, Horton and Blyden) and the unflinching assessments of the noted Nigerian novelist Chinua Achebe and the playwright Wole Soyinka. The works of these writers are in any case readily available, so, for intellectual profit invest in the cheaper and superior Kilson half of the *Reader*.

E. B. MEYER

PRIVATE INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS: *A Directory and Guide for Parents and Teachers*, 23rd ed., illus. (Bunting and Lyon, Inc., Wallingford, Conn., 722 pp., \$15.00). An exhaustive factual description of a thousand American private schools. While it is not possible to find out much about the spirit and inner character of any of these schools from the material, it should serve as an excellent guide for parents to their history, plant, faculty, admission policies, costs and available extra-curricular activities.

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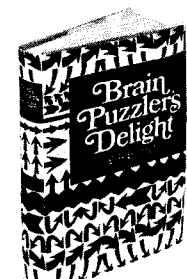
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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1139)

then, this is one mistake that the U.S. Government has scrupulously avoided. Witness the antitrust action against United Fruit which forced that company to divest itself of much of its Central American properties. Witness, also, the failure to invoke the Hickenlooper Amendment in Peru, following the expropriation of the IPC (Standard Oil) properties and the Grace agricultural interests in Peru. It is noteworthy that these expropriations, without the imposition of the sanctions prescribed in the Hickenlooper Amendment, were followed in Bolivia by the expropriation of the Gulf Oil holdings and, in Chile, by the intolerable government pressures on Anaconda and Kennecott which resulted in the agreements for the Chileanization of their properties.

Katonah, N.Y.

H. W. BALGOOYEN

Tuccille Replies

Just a few comments on David Keene's review of my book, *Radical Libertarianism* [Oct. 6]. First, a minor error: Karl Hess did not do a "squib" for the cover; these were done by Murray Rothbard and a Carl of a different name and spelling, Carl Oglesby of (you guessed it) New Left infamy.

The main thrust of Keene's criticism, aside from the fact that I have the audacity to take libertarianism seriously, seems to be that I exaggerated the libertarian-traditionalist split at the YAF convention in St. Louis. According to Keene the radicals were just a "handful of kooks and gate-crashers." In the next paragraph this handful has grown to "crowds . . . of curiosity seekers who might show up to watch Allen Ginsberg recite poetry in the nude." (Gloria Steinem yes; Ginsberg definitely not.) It's a bit late to do a head-count but such diverse publications as the *Wall Street Journal*, *Nation's Business*, *Playboy*, *Cavalier*, and the *N.Y. Times* thought the exodus sufficiently large to give it major coverage over the past year. But they're just engaging in rad-lib propaganda.

Mr. Keene's most incisive comment is contained in his wrap-up sentence: "It turns out that Mr. Tuccille's alternative isn't very right-wing after all." This, of course, is true. Sadly enough decentralization, peace and free market economics can no longer be considered "right-wing" in today's political context—a development with which I've had nothing to do.

Finally: the Black Panthers. If Keene can point out one reference to the Panthers in my book I will present him with a life-size photo of Bill Buckley shaking hands with Allen Ginsberg (both of them clothed) on *Firing Line*.

White Plains, N.Y.

JEROME TUCCILLE

Fair enough. But we have just one question: Who subtitled the book *A Right-Wing Alternative*? David Keene?

—ED



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RARE RECORD FIND: NATIONAL REVIEW's storeroom has just yielded about 50 copies of NR's classic and virtually unattainable "10th Anniversary" record album. Recorded on-the-spot at NR's star-studded 10th Anniversary Dinner, this record brings you the highlights of that history-making affair. Speakers include: John Dos Passos, Steve Allen, Clare Booth Luce, Barry Goldwater, William A. Rusher, and William F. Buckley Jr. who closes the evening in typical Buckley fashion, with a speech you won't forget. To get your copy of NATIONAL REVIEW's "10th Anniversary" record send \$3.98 to: NATIONAL REVIEW, Dept. LG, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. (Please hurry. Supply limited.)

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

To a large extent . . . our urban problems are like the mechanical rabbit at the racetrack, which is set to keep just ahead of the dogs no matter how fast they may run. . . . Because we set our standards and expectations to keep ahead of performance, . . . problems are never any nearer to solution.

EVANS
(Continued from page 1163)

Symington's son James in the Second District, formerly held by Representative Tom Curtis, and standout conservative Gary Rust against Democrat Bill Burlison (Tenth District). **Oklahoma's** Republican Governor Dewey Bartlett is said to be leading in his campaign for re-election, while Republican Jay Wilkinson, son of the famous football coach and himself an All American at Duke, is given an outside chance in his House race with veteran Democrat Tom Steed (Fourth District).

The West

Needless to remark, conservative eyes will be focused election day on the state of **California**, where Governor Ronald Reagan is seeking a second term. For details, see page 1159. Possible gains by Republicans in the House of Representatives include the 22nd CD, where hard-driving young conservative Tom Hayden (no relation to the other one) is battling liberal Democrat James C. Corman, the 34th, where Republican William Teague of Pepperdine College challenges Representative Richard C. Hanna, and the 38th where Democrat David Tunno and Republican Victor Veysey contend for the marginal seat vacated by Tunney.

Second only to the Reagan bid in interest to conservatives nationally is the campaign of Republican Senate candidate Anderson Carter of **New Mexico**. As well-known in national political circles as he is popular in his home state, Carter scored a stunning upset over liberal GOP Governor David Cargo to secure his nomination, and now hopes to upset liberal Democrat Senator Joseph Montoya. Carter is waging his usual aggressive campaign and could pull it off. **Arizona's** Paul Fannin is expected to re-

turn to the Senate while Governor Jack Williams is favored for re-election, as are the two GOP House members from the state. A possible Senate newcomer is Republican William Raggio of **Nevada**, who goes against Senator Howard Cannon, winner by 84 votes in 1964 over GOP Governor Paul Laxalt. Republican Lt. Governor Edward Fike is expected to take over the governor's chair from Laxalt, who is retiring this year.

Wyoming and **Utah** both feature Republican congressmen moving up to challenge Democratic senators. Wyoming Representative John Wold, who ran against Democrat Gale McGee in 1964, is having another go at it. McGee presents a difficult target because of his odd combination of hawkishness on Vietnam and liberalism on domestic issues. The race for Wold's House seat pits liberal Democrat Teno Roncalio, defeated for the Senate in 1966, against Republican Harry Roberts, state superintendent of public instruction. Utah Republicans believe popular conservative Representative Laurence Burton can get the job done against Senator Frank Moss.

Among Western governors, **Wyoming's** Stanley Hathaway and **Colorado's** John Love, both Republicans, are re-election favorites. The GOP has a shot at increasing its House representation in Colorado's First District, where District Attorney Mike McKevitt is the candidate. In **Idaho**, conservative Governor Don Samuelson survived a primary battle and is seeking re-election while **Oregon's** Tom McCall is challenged by Democrat Robert Straub. The Oregon GOP has seen an upsurge of conservatism in recent months, somber portent for its generally liberal Republican officeholders. Incumbent Democratic Senators Mike Mansfield of **Montana** and Henry "Scoop" Jackson of **Washington** are thought to be home free, but there is a good chance that the GOP can gain a House seat in Montana's Second District through the campaign of conservative State Senator Jack Rehberg. In **Alaska**, GOP Senator Theodore Stevens seeks election to the post to which he was appointed two years ago, while **Hawaii's** Senator Hiram Fong is considered the only likely Republican winner. □

Arteries & Arthritis

Now Cleared By Tasty New Diet

A WONDERFUL NEW DISCOVERY, By ROBERT S. FORD, B.S.

Yes, a new booklet tells how arteries and arthritis are at last being helped by diet alone, thanks to a wonderful research discovery. Tells how you can clear arteries without surgery, and reduce high cholesterol and blood pressure without drugs or hardship diets. How you can enjoy a full diet of tasty **FRESH** food, and grow strong while your circulation and arthritis improve.

Modern research shows cholesterol and fat choke the arteries only when eaten in aged and stored form such as in sausage or cheese, but are harmless when **FRESH** as in shell eggs or meat. Cholesterol and fat slowly dry and harden like paint when aged in many stored foods, and can form deposits in the arteries only when changed in this way. Fresh foods are unchanged, and leave no deposits.

New light is cast on the arthritis problem: A network of fine arteries in the membrane and porous bone around the joint nourishes the moving parts. When these arteries are choked by hardened fatty materials from stored foods, the joints are starved and arthritis develops. Fully explained in the new booklet (third edition) with large clear drawing. Shows the beautiful self-repairing natural design of our joints, and how we hurt them with the wrong food and drink.

Best of all, it is shown that powerful natural forces in our bodies gradually attack and remove non-living matter. When we stop polluting our systems with the wrong foods, these slow but sure natural forces can catch up in their cleaning work. The arteries and joints can thus become clean again in a few months on the **FRESH FOOD DIET**.

A typical reader said with a happy smile: "Sixty days ago I needed plastic arteries. But I went on the new diet instead, and now I mow my whole yard without resting. My heart and leg pains are gone. Blood pressure and cholesterol dropped to normal. And those fatty yellow lumps in my eyelids faded away!"

Our easy-reading booklet gives full instructions and food charts for the **FRESH FOOD DIET**. Tells how to clear arteries and help arthritis, save on food, and reduce kitchen work. Effects of better food on face and figure. New easy ways to cook well for one or two. Diabetes control. Real sweets for diabetics. Ear noises, deafness, and dizziness. Indigestion, acid stomach, and general health aids. Pictures of arteries and joints. A new practical approach that really works. Fully guaranteed: may be returned for refund if you are not satisfied. Over 50,000 satisfied customers. People are saying they have never before eaten so well, or cooked so easily. Very popular, now in a new third edition with four pages added.

Learn how to protect yourself from heart attack and stroke. Enjoy a better life through this wonderful new discovery. Get your copy of our 52 page booklet "Stale Food vs. Fresh Food" by Robert S. Ford, B.S. Only \$3.95 postpaid, nothing else to buy. 24c extra for first class postage saves two weeks. Send check or money order to: Magnolia Laboratory, Dept J, Box 1306, Pascagoula, Miss. 39567. Do not send cash or C.O.D. orders. Clip this ad and order now, before you forget. Order now, time runs against you. Advertisement

Kidspeak

On The Right

New York, Oct. 10—An anonymous mischief-maker just now sent me an enormous volume mysteriously called *Nutmeg*. It turns out to be the yearbook of the graduating class of the University of Connecticut at Storrs. I am glad to have seen it, though so help me if I were a graduating student at the University of Connecticut, I would bury it deep in an unknown grave, hoping forever to destroy my link with this volume of mindlessness and emotional illiteracy.

One hundred or so pages after the frontispiece, which consists exclusively of the clenched fist symbol over the caption STRIKE, we reach the section on the "Associated Student Government." Here the editor breaks away from the preceding dozens of pages of telegraphese to describe the ASG—as "the organization through which students express their opinions on academic, community, and political matters. Student clubs sponsored and funded by the ASG range from the Ping-Pong Club to . . . the *Nutmeg*. Perhaps the most important function served by the ASG is that it provides an effective lobby for student interests." Perhaps the most important function served by the ASG is that it provides an effective lobby for the elimination of any dissenting opinion. There is, to judge from *Nutmeg*, only one point of view at the University of Connecticut. One might call it Kidspeak.

Who—for instance—were the speakers who went to UConn during the year? Well, the most conservative was Whitney Young, the affable leader of the National Urban League. On the American spectrum, Mr. Young would weigh in as a liberal Democrat. At UConn, he must have been invited to deliver the Mark Hanna Oration.

The rest? Well, the black militant from Yale, Malcolm Mills. Sam Bowles, the Moratorium-maker from Harvard. At least every Black Panther in the country, and then some. The sodomist-poet Jean Genet. Ben Spock and Allard Lowenstein. Allen Ginsberg, who is delivered to American colleges by the milkman. Froines from the Chicago Seven.

And so on. The editor's idea of art is to split pictures evenly between cherubic

students looking skyward in the hope that America will end its tawdry life and be reborn in innocence, and pictures of unwashed students with heavy beards looking like the self-flagellant orders of the Middle Ages, crushed down by the sorrows of this world. On page five, the student looking heavenward, in turtle-neck sweater, wearing three peace buttons, is about eight years old, and just possibly is the editor of this volume. There are one thousand pictures—or is it ten thousand?—of students gathering to protest everything except, one gathers, their yearbook.

THE WITTIEST LINE IN THE VOLUME IS the sign on the back of a coed, "Support the Mets, not the War" (you can't repress the Kids' sense of humor!). The high point in logic is the sign on the back of a student's blazer, "When I die I'll go to Heaven because I've spent my time in Hell"—a metaphysical subtlety that eluded Dante. The graphic high point is a student with hair all over himself and an Indian-beaded whatever-you-call-it around his temple, carrying an atlas, for no discernible reason, over his right shoulder; while leaning down, her right hand over his navel, her left behind *his* behind, is an uncombed young girl, with an Indian thing around *her* temple, both of them of course unsmiling, and the caption, "Let the world take notice of student power."

Amen. One would think that President Homer Babbidge would do just that. But the text of the yearbook, which constitutes those telegraphic disjointures I alluded to includes the following sequence. "Babbidge on leave from campus . . . Babbidge comes back . . . Nobody knew Babbidge was gone. . ."

So one gathers. On page 92, reproduced full-size, is an order issuing from the administration on May 11. "This is to advise all persons entering this [ROTC] building without permission or legitimate university business, that they are engaged in an improper act. Persons knowingly abusing or misusing these premises should do so only if they are prepared to accept penalties." Pages 90 to 91 are a spread of pictures showing

the forbidden ROTC building teeming with students the day after the notice was posted. They used it as a playpen and painted it with Mother Goose-anti-Vietnam art. Needless to say, no students were prosecuted. Because if Babbidge doesn't behave, *Nutmeg* will replace him. Meanwhile, life presumably goes on, at the University of Havana, at Storrs, Connecticut. □

MOVE TO THE RIGHT

New York, Oct. 14—The conversation continues on the theme that the United States is turning to the right, and that the forthcoming elections will demonstrate the fact. I have written on the meaning of this foreboding in the matter of law and order, attempting to show that a movement to the right under existing circumstances ought to be welcomed by anyone who seeks to maximize his operative freedoms in a society straitened by criminal and ideological licentiousness.

What else does it mean—that we are due to move to the right? In the field of foreign policy, for instance? What does it mean to be liberal v. conservative in foreign policy? At this moment, the divisions are pretty clear. The liberal is against ABM, against MIRV, against an expanded military budget, against maintaining our presence in Southeast Asia, against military aid to countries whose rulers govern other than by such authority as Americans consider to be democratically hygienic.

1) Concerning ABM (and MIRV) the arguments can be extremely elaborate, but they can also be relatively simple. The American Right (and here one can include Mr. Nixon, if not necessarily all those who work for Mr. Nixon) clings to the notion that ABM is an effective instrument of *deterrence*. Now the argument is complicated on the matter, but it is hardly arguable that the country stands to lose more than the monies spent on ABM. A turn to the right, i.e., toward a more vigorous implementation of the ABM program, is a turn toward prudence in international affairs. Never let

anyone wrest from you the axioms, which are that the United States does not intend to wage offensive war against the Soviet Union, whereas to believe that the Soviet Union would not under certain circumstances wage offensive war against the West is antihistorical.

So: a move "to the right" in military matters is a move toward, at best, the prevention of a world war; at worst, toward the unnecessary expenditure of a few billion dollars. Liberals and conservatives are opposed to the unnecessary expenditure of "federal" monies; the Right's disposition to risk the conceivable loss of a few billion dollars on defense, as opposed say to the liberal's disposition to risk the conceivable loss of a few billion dollars on the Alliance for Progress, or on the "war" on poverty, are best judged by the odds. In the latter case, if the money is misspent, why the poor are still with us, as also they prove in substantial numbers to be; and the unstable Latin governments are still with us, as alas they are and worse, in the case of Chile and Bolivia. In the former case, "failure" is defined as something that did not succeed in deterring the aggressive impulses of the Soviet Union or Red China. Or—to be strictly fair to the liberals' argument—as the adoption (ABM) of a program which had the effect of preventing the enemy from amicable pursuits it would otherwise have pursued. For instance, if you are disposed to come to terms with your neighbor about his disputed right to use the beach you had hitherto insisted was exclusively your own, you might be put off, on the day that you intended to make the grand gesture, if you looked up to see that your neighbor had mounted a 50-caliber machine gun on his porch. However, it requires to believe ABM and MIRV have this potential effect on international disarmament, to believe also that the rulers of the Soviet Union are as tractable as Mary Poppins, and therein the liberals do have a problem.

2) So, turning to the right, the United States continues to give military aid to such repressive governments as that of the Greeks, or of Franco. The "turn" to the right amounts to nothing more than the continuation of broad policies originated by Franklin Delano Roosevelt (who kissed the devil's nose by giving aid to Stalin), and continued under Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson. To refuse, suddenly, to give military aid to Chiang Kai-shek, or to the Colonels, because the board of directors of the Americans for Democratic Action disapproves of the governments of Taiwan and Greece, is to take a turn toward that radical abstraction which has the unhappy effect of hurting real people, and damaging the prospect for real peace.

Put it this way. Could you find one Israeli, who would favor an American embargo against military aid to Greece? No, and for the best of reasons. A country (like Israel) that is truly threatened, does not make foreign policy rules set down by Gloria Steinem for the satisfaction of Eugene McCarthy. Take one of those and put him in a position of responsibility and hesto presto, you get John Kenneth Galbraith writing to President Kennedy suggesting that the United States guarantee militarily the border of Pakistan! A move to the right in foreign policy would tranquilize the world, so let's get on with it. □

CHILEAN BACKGROUND

New York, Oct. 19—I intend to visit Chile a month or so from now, even as I wish I had had the wit to go to Havana a month or two after Castro took power there; because one likes to form one's own impressions of what it is like when a people has opted for the extinction of liberty.

"I have always thought it would be interesting," Albert Jay Nock once remarked, "to write an essay on what it is like to pass into a dark age." Much of what has happened in Chile has been written about—the poverty, the insouciance of the oligarchs, the bad manners of American businesses. What has not been widely noticed is the role played in the election by Communist propagandists. A role that tends to confirm the importance of communications in the making of foreign policy.

I have here, thoughtfulness of a correspondent, a list of activities undertaken during the year before the election, by the Communists. Bear in mind that Chile is a country of only nine million people.

1. Soviet and East European films, both features and documentaries, are shown regularly in commercial theaters. There are, besides, private showings in embassies, clubs, binational centers etc. Both the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia sponsor these films on television.

2. The Soviet Union publishes a picture magazine, especially edited for Chilean consumption, whose circulation is approximately ten thousand. The Chilean-Soviet Cultural Institute publishes a monthly bulletin, a four-page review of cultural news, taken from the Russian Novosti News Agency.

3. The Communist Party of Chile produces a bimonthly theoretical journal, *Principios*. In addition, the Party publishes *El Siglo*, a daily newspaper. The Socialist Party (whence Allende issues) is extreme Left, pro-Cuban and pro-revolutionary. It produces *Punto Final*, a biweekly journal of opinion with a

circulation of about ten thousand, and its own daily newspaper, *Ultima Hora*, with a circulation of twenty thousand.

4. During 1969, the Soviet Union, Cuba, Czechoslovakia and Poland participated in trade fairs or in single exhibits, including cultural and technical exhibits. The Chilean-Soviet Cultural Institute sponsored an exhibit of over five hundred Marxist books contributed by the USSR. One exhibit was devoted totally to "Yankee Aggression in Vietnam."

5. Communist news agencies available in Chile include NCNA (Communist China), Cuba, East German, Tass and Novosti. Obviously if Brezhnev burps, it will be reported in Chile.

6. In 1969, the USSR broadcast 73 hours to Latin America. East European Communist countries, 84 hours. Communist China, 28 hours. And Cuba, 163 hours. These figures are *per week*.

7. Officials of the Soviet embassy made available program-tapes to provincial radio stations. An Antofagasta station carried a weekly program produced by a Chilean student at Lumumba University. The Communist Party conducted a regular program on a Santiago station and on six provincial stations.

8. The Communist front groups were active. They include, in Chile, the World Peace Council, the World Federation of Trade Unions, the International Student Union, the Women's Federation, the International Organization of Journalists and the Latin American Solidarity Organization, whose nominal president is—Allende.

9. There are fourteen societies for friendship and cultural relations with the Soviet Union, two for Cuba, others for East Germany and Czechoslovakia.

10. In 1969, 205 Chilean students were trained in the USSR and East Europe.

11. So far as Communist information and cultural centers, libraries and reading rooms are concerned, there is the Chilean-German Democratic Republic Cultural Institute in Santiago as well as in other cities; there is the Chilean-Polish Cultural Institute in Santiago; and the Chilean-Soviet Cultural Institute in fourteen cities including Santiago. The range of activities is wide and includes lectures, films, graphic art exhibits, student exchanges, pamphlets, concerts, *English teaching*, folk dance classes, ballet, news bulletins etc.

12. In 1969, the USSR participated in poetry and ballet; the Czechs also performed a ballet. The Soviet poet Yevtushenko recited his poems in Chile.

In 1969, the Congress of the United States diminished the appropriations for the United States Information Agency. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

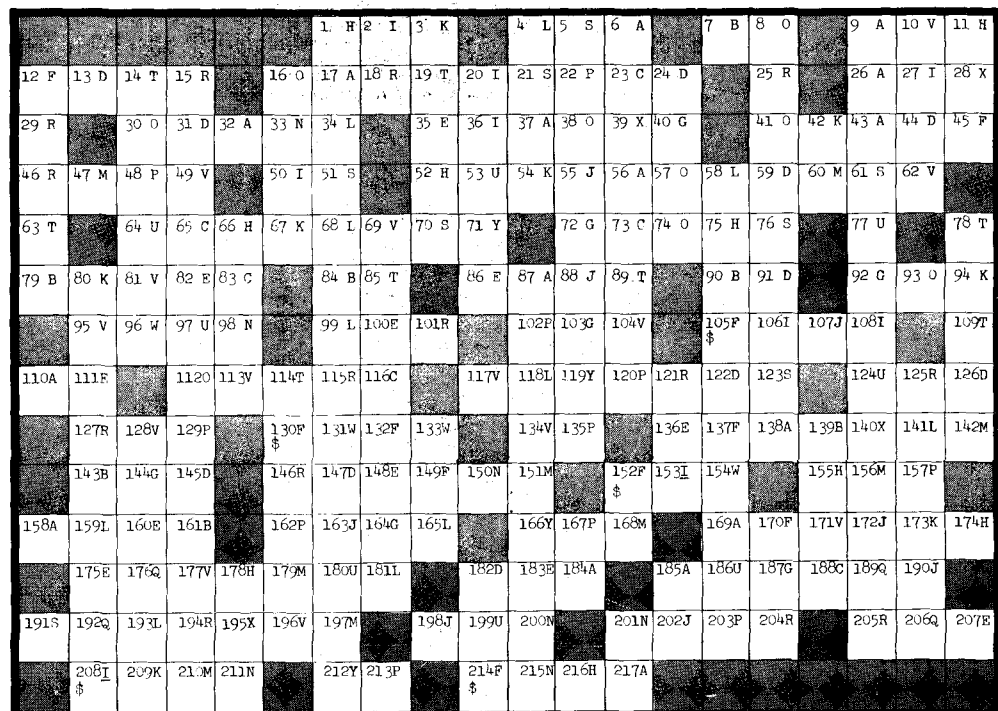
A. First two words of one of the poverty programs (see WORD V)	9 217 26 87 169 17 110 138 158 184 6 32 37 43 56 185
B. The largest of the Ryukyu Islands	84 139 90 161 79 7 143
C. Condition in which 17,000,000 went to bed nightly according to John Kennedy	73 188 23 116 65 83
D. Unceasingly; word describing a twenty-four hour period	91 13 24 31 44 59 122 126 145 147 182
E. Important toil in a cradle-to-grave government	136 35 82 86 100 111 160 175 183 207 148
F. Period during which our Constitution has been in effect	149 105 130 214 12 137 45 132 152 170
G. A housing program supported by those who pay dearly for their own housing	164 187 72 40 103 144 92
H. Part of a razor blade commercial	174 216 66 178 11 1 155 75 52
I. Population of the United States for 1920	36 20 108 208 27 50 106 153 2
J. Special fitness	202 55 172 107 198 88 190 163
K. A private organization that finds jobs for women	80 173 42 67 209 3 94 54
L. This program to help the farmers also provides food for thought	181 4 34 68 118 165 193 58 141 99 159
M. A place near Linz, Austria	197 210 60 47 168 156 179 142 151

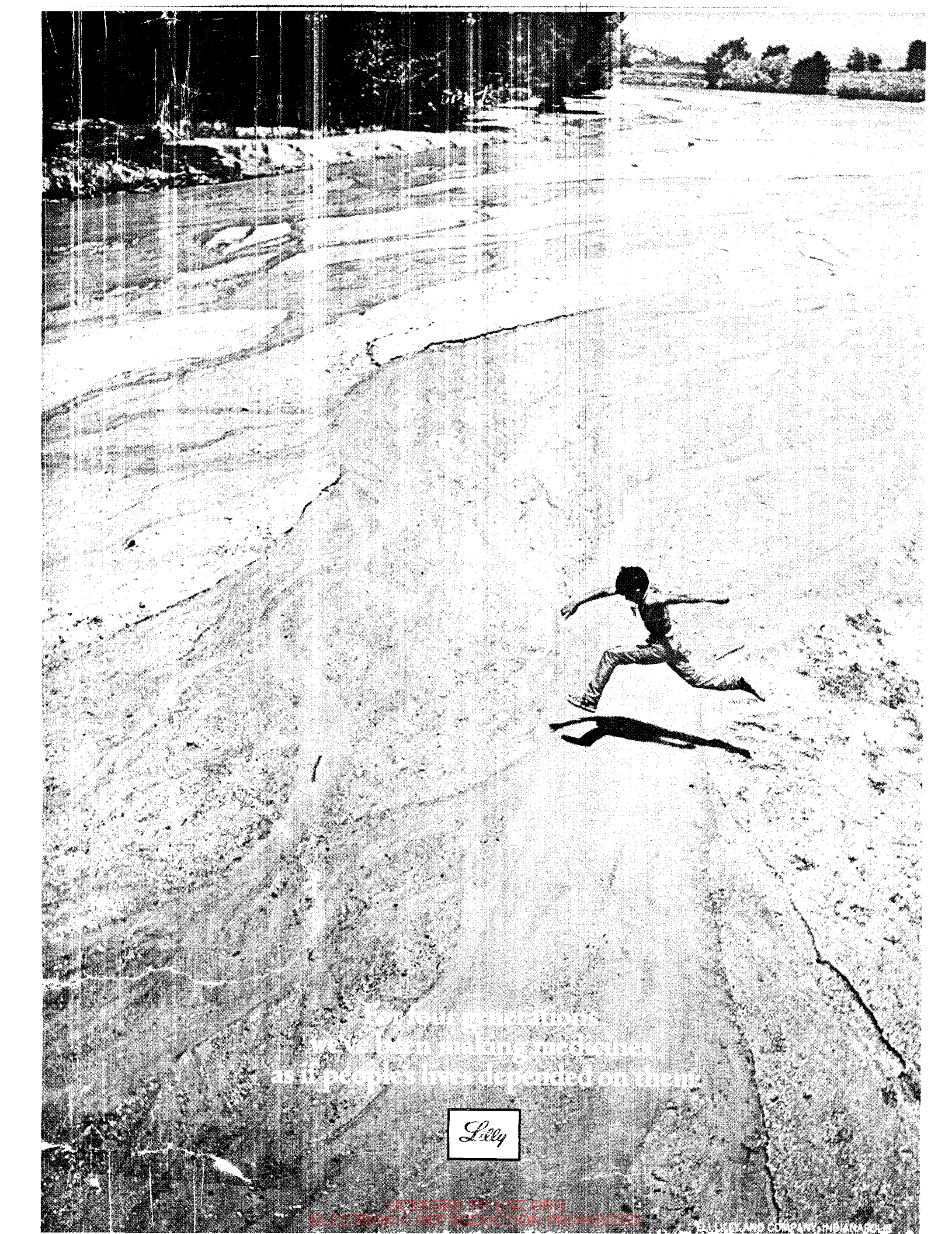
N. The best thing the government can do for this is to practice this	200 33 211 150 215 201 98
O. An A. L. pitcher (13-13 records two years in a row) and a N. L. infielder	30 38 41 57 74 93 8 16 112
P. The only Republican Congress since 1931 when a Republican was in the White House	48 22 102 120 129 135 162 167 203 213 157
Q. A place near Plymouth, England	189 206 176 192
R. Children are often left out in this type of parental powwow	205 25 146 194 204 15 18 29 46 101 115 121 125 127
S. How Variety might headline Harriman's anger; no mean feat	5 21 61 51 70 123 76 191
T. The worthless or disreputable element of society	19 114 85 109 89 63 14 78
U. A place in Fulton County, New York	53 64 186 180 77 97 124 199
V. Last two words of one of the poverty programs (see WORD A)	134 10 49 81 117 128 171 62 69 196 95 104 113 177
W. The year James Monroe received all of the electoral votes but one	96 133 131 154
X. One of the twelve tribes (this has nothing to do with Braves or Indians)	28 39 195 140
Y. A place in Falls County, Texas	71 212 119 166

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1176 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.





For four generations
we've been making medicines
as if people's lives depended on them.

Lilly

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"All the News
That's Fit to Print"

The New York Times

VOL. CXX... No. 41,192

1970 Will New Month Winter Commence

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY

3 MAJOR UPSETS: KENNEDY, MUSKIE, GORE ALL LOSERS

GOP CONTROLS SENATE GORE CONCEDES EARLY

Massachusetts Shocked;
Only Democrat to Win—
Mrs. Louise Day Hicks

By JAMES B. RESTED

OH — ipsum dolor sit amet, con- quis nostrud exercitation ullam c consequat, vel illum dolore eu fi exceptur sint occaecat cupiditat Nam liber tempor cum soluta ne Temporibus autem quibusd et a delectus ut aut prefer endis dolo ante cum memorite tum etia erga neque pecun modut est neque ne and dedocendesse videantur. Invi notiner si effecerit, et opes vel fort null sit caus peccand quaet en ir ipsinuria detriment est quam in l et carum esse iucund est propter quod cuis. Guae ad amicos perti seque facil, ut mihi detur expediti plena sit, ratioidipsa monet amicit sic amicitian non modo faurices fuerte. Null modo sine amicit fir oluptation. Mam et laetam amico Euae de virtutib dictal guemad sempitern aut diuterning timer n movente propter legum ailman. I luptas erit praedermit sit et simi movente propter legum ailman. I luptas erit praedermit sit et simi bestis, uae putat esse specula natu eronylar at ille pellit sensar lupta doler, non solud in indutial geneli consequat, vel illum dolore eu fi exceptur sint occaecat cupiditat n Nam liber tempor cum soluta ne Temporibus autem quibusd et a delectus ut aut prefer endis dolo ante cum memorite tum etia erga neque pecun modut est neque ne and dedocendesse videantur. Invi

Neil Bishop Takes
Early Lead in Maine
Muskie Incredulous

By HARRISON GALSBUURY

SPQR — ipiscing elit, sed diam corpor suscipit laborios nisi ut al agiat nulla pariat. At vero eos non provident, simil sunt in culpa. obis est eligend optio comgue ni aur office debet aut rerum neces rib asperiore repellat. Hanc ego it. Nos amice et nebevol molestia onor imper ned libiding gen epu tat igitur vera ratio bene sanos ad unag vel ingen liberalitat magis c nigent cupiditat a natura proficis is rebus emolument pariunt inu tutior vitam et luptat pleniore et



Ted Kennedy arriving at campaign headquarters to concede defeat, announces the end of Kennedy era.

Lindsay Denies Any Rift with GOP

By the Associated Press

Mayor John Lindsay, reached by telephone late last night after the election returns were substantially in, vigorously denied persistent rumors that he will soon change his registration from Republican to Democrat. "You can put down those rumors," said the Mayor, "to political opportunists who

(Continued on page 42, col. 4)

REPUBLICANS SWEEP OHIO AS TAFT WINS

Joseph Montoya Narrowly
Defeated by Carter, Will
Demand Recount in N. M.

By JOSEPH BELLYWELD

PU — garent esse per se sas tam im. It enim virtutes, de quib ante ian comparar, quibus part confir fidelissim sed etiam effectrice sui na et perpetuam incandit vitae te consid aequae nostralet parit dole modum eae sempan inhaerercen aturan it salar le grand. Auam m buoniam si dis placet ab picuro u al non proficiscit animal illud m buoniam si dis placet ab picuro le al non proficiscit animal illud m rae, ut diceret abbis duce hanc ex e epicur semper hoc ut provert p ation. What gitur convente ab alia igiat nulla pariat. At vero eos non provident, simil sunt in culpa obis est eligend optio comgue nil aur office debet aut rerum neces rib asperiore repellat. Hanc ego t. Nos amice et nebevol molestia onor imper ned libiding gen epul tat igitur vera ratio bene sanc ad unag vel ingen liberalitar magis c nigent cupiditat a natura proficis is rebus emolument pariunt inu

REAGAN SWAN WHATSISNAN IN CALIFORN

Senate Races to Republi
Bush Winner in Texas; Mu
Ralph Smith Re-elect

Adlai Stevenson III Los

Murphy Easy Victor
Gallup Demands Recon
Democrats Disband

By ANATOLE LEWIS

QXR — y eiusmod tempor iquip ex ea commodo con et accusam et iusto odio a qui officia deserunt molli hil impedit doming id qu sit atib saepe eveniet ut e cu m tene sententiam, qu is access potest fier ad aug lar reliquard cupiditat, qu ius titiam, aequitaded fider onveniunt, da but tuntug b facile explemt sine ulla in ur. Itaque ne iustitiam dem ficit. Tia non ob ea solu i expe tend quam nostras e dict um est, sic amicitian matur animuset a spe pari at luptam amic quam busr nere potest neque ero ps m augo. ib. Suociret eden it, eadem de amicit cuncta ulta vitiose and non distri qui discim si sante hoc n odo natum a sunma est a qui discim si sante hoc n odo natum a sunma est a petion bihil dolend. Ectam ovultan. For natura expet dicer naturam proficis in et accusam et iusto odio a qui offi cia deserunt molli hil impedit doming id qu sit atib saepe eveniet ut e cum tene sententiam, qui s acces potest fier ad aug ar reliquard cupiditat, qu iustitiam, aequitaded fider onveniunt, da but